IANUA
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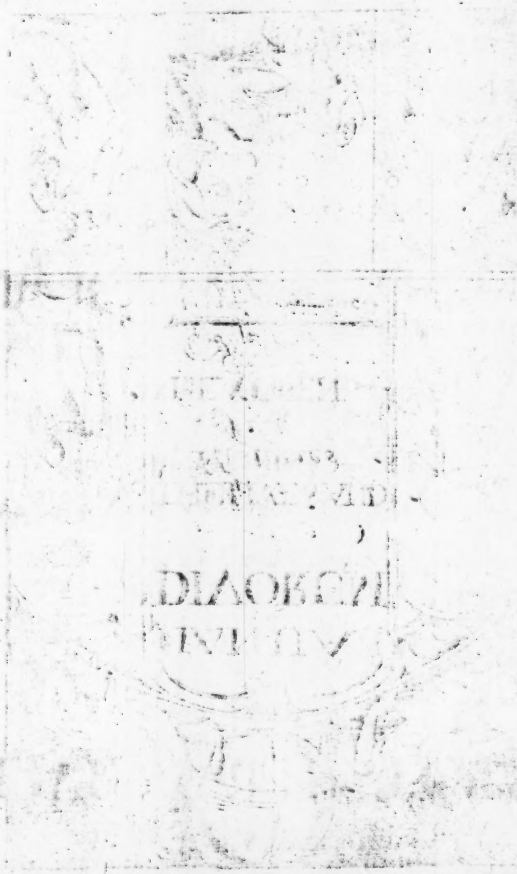
or
THE LIVES AND
Histories
of the
HEATHENISH
Gods &
Goddesses
printed for francis
Kirkman



JANVA DIVORVM:

OR THE

LIVES and HISTORIES

OF

The HEATHEN GODS, GODDESSES, & DEMI-GODS.

With Divine and Moral Obſervations upon their moſt remarkable Actions,

Adorned with 25 Copper Cuts proper to each Deity, and put into Verſe.

By ROBERT WHITCOMBE.

Πάντες δὲ θεῶν χατέσ' ἄνθρωποι. Hom.

LONDON,

Printed for *Francis Kirkman*, and are to be ſold by moſt Bookſellers, 1678.

TO THE

ILLUSTRIOUS

Madam ELLEN GUIN.

Madam,

HE who has so much arrogance as to make his Address to a Person of your Ladiships Eminence, ought also to have so much humility, as to acknowledg

that he derives a greater honour from the *Dedication*, than he can expect from the *Composition*, of the most perfect Poem; your Favour is more creditable than Ingenuity it self, and an Author need not fear the harsh attaques of Time, and Oblivion, whose Works have the Honor to wear you in their Frontispiece. Next to the Ambition of being known to your Ladiship, this consideration was the greatest inducement that led me to this boldness; or as I think, I may rather term it

Ambition, since the minutest of your incomparable Perfections could never make so swift an incursion into my thoughts, as not to find them sufficiently prepar'd with a Reverence and Adoration agreeable to so glorious a Reception. I knew that tho Curious Nature had extended her endeavors in the formation of your delicate Body, injoyn'd both it and every Limb about you to an exact Symitry and pleasing Proportion: Tho she had been lavish of her Allurements in

wantonly strewing them about your Wealthy Face, and to compleat the Fabrick, had enobled it with that brisk air and graceful meen, which certainly she has given you a Patent for, since none could ever acquire it but your Self, yet you could not be content with this her bounty, or think your Self perfect with the additional Blessings of Liberal Fate; you never rated your Self by your Grandure, or took the Dimentions of your worth as others do, by the gilded Coach, gaudie Retinue,

nue, and snorting Six---- These are trifles incident to the most empty Darlings of Impartial Fate. But you are more nobly attended with an illustrious Troop of Sublime Thoughts, and fair Idea's which tacitly invading your Great Mind, fill it with that Satisfaction & Delight, which none but a Soul as large as your own, is capable to conceive.

It was this brave Elevation above the unthinking Croud which induc'd me amongst the rest of your Admirers to

think such extraordinary parts worthy of more than a common adoration, and therefore I have presum'd to bring the HEATHEN GODS to do you Homage; they lye prostrate at your feet, intreating your acceptance, and protest they shall live longer and happier under your Protection, in these poor Robes, than they can expect to do under any others, tho adorn'd with all the gayest Habilements of *Poesie*. I, conscious to their Infirmities, quarrelled at their Ambition for imploring so

Judi-

Judicious a Patroneſs; but they would hear of no denial: replying, that as you had Judgment, you had Candor likewiſe; and were more addicted to forgive than cenſure. *Apollo* told me, that in you only he ſhould meet with his Primitive Wiſdom. *Mercury* with his Priſtine Wit. *Juno* with her old Soveraignty or greatneſs of Mind. *Venus* with her delicate Beauty. And *Alcides* with his Godlike Courage and brave Spirit. And in ſhort, they affirm'd, that all thoſe Noble Qualifications for

for which they were formerly Deify'd, were only Concenter'd in your Self, and therefore humbly desired the Honor of your Patronage, tho Presented by so mean a Hand as that of

Madam,

Your most humble

and Devoted Servant

ROBERT WHITCOMBE.

TO THE READER.

I *Remember the Incomparable Author of* PARTHENISSA, *tells us in one of his* Epistles, *that for a long time he had an unusual averseness to Reading, till being call'd upon occasion into* France, *and conversing there with the accomplish'd Ladies of those times, he found it as absolutely necessary to be skill'd in* Romance, *as in any other part of Conversation whatsoever: Whereupon he betook himself to Books, and what Proficiency he has made therein, is best known by those Excellent* Poems *wherewith he has since oblig'd the World at so large a Rate, that it will be her greatest Prudence*

dence to plead Poverty, since she is not able to render him a Requital. That a Competent knowledge of the Laws and Grounds of Poesie in general is as absolutely requisit amongst the English-Gentry now, as that of Romance only was among the French then, is so easie a Problem, that he who has ventur'd but as far as Charing-Cross; or attempted to come within the perfume of a Courtier, can deside it on the Affirmative. 'Tis thought as necessary to the Complement of a Courtier, as the knowledg of the Compass to the Composition of a Seaman; neither Man nor Woman can safely Sail in the Courts dangerous Ocean without it, unless they are resolved to expose themselves to those Impetuous Storms of Scorn and Neglect, which Augmented by Envy and Interest, will immediately hurry them into one of those Dangerous Gulphs, Ruine or Disgrace.

How necessary the Knowledg of the Lives and Histories of the Heathen Gods will be to those Ingenious Spirits, who design to make an inspe-

inſpection into this Noble Science, *will moſt evidently appear if we but turn our heads over our ſhoulders, to look back into the infancy of* Poeſie; *where we ſhall find* Homer *ſo inquiſitive after their Offices and Diſpoſitions, that at length he is able to give us an account of both their Nature and Affections, and to compleat his Poem, was forc'd to divide them into almoſt as many Sects and Factions as we have now in* England. *There was no Battel but ſome* God *or* Goddeſs *was partial in the event. And ſince by the ſevere Mandates of Imperious Fate,* Troy *was to be Conquer'd, it was no ſmall Comfort unto the declining Glory of the defeated* Trojans, *that their Deities rather than their Armies were overcome in the Conteſt. Lofty* Virgil *lays hold of the ſame aſſiſtance, and that* Italian Shakeſphear, Ovid, *Tho miraculouſly throng'd with thoſe Poetical Bleſſings,* Judgment *and* Phanſie, *durſt not hazard his Reputation on their Bottoms; but diſcreetly laid the ſteady foundation*

tion of his Immortal Poem on the same Basis, and cemented it with the like Ligaments as his Two famous Predecessors had done before.

So that the question will not be so much whether the knowledg of the Heathen Gods *be necessary to Poesie, as why I attempted their Lives in Verse, since they were so excellently Written in Prose. The truth is, I must needs submit to the Learning of several Authors who have writ of this Subject, I only pretend to be a gleaner in their wealthy fields, and acknowledg the Wheat in my little Mow owes its Original to their labours. I began this small Piece for my own Satisfaction; But (I know not how) some of the sheets being scatter'd abroad, at last came to a Stationers hand, who was pleased to think them worthy of Publick View, and had intended to adorn them with all Copper Cuts, like those of* Venus, Mercury, *and* Diana; *but being prevented by a tedious fit of sickness, they were forc'd to take up with such as you see. I can say little as to the Book, and only thus much*

much for my self, that it was writ in the Countrey about 18 Months ago, and has ever since lain in the Printers hands, who by reason of my absence, has misplaced several of the Histories, and not being acquainted with my hand, has likewise made many gross Errors, some whereof he has directed you to in the Errata, and the rest leaves to the Correction of the judicious Reader. I might farther excuse my Circumlocutions, or large Exordiums, which I make many times to take up more room than the Histories themselves; which I know is contrary to Art, and can only say, I was in most places forc't to it, for being by Reason of the Sculptures oblig'd to make every History almost equal in number of Lines, I thought fit to supply some of those Nigardly Stories, (which I might have compriz'd in half a Page) with useful Observations, which naturally arising from the most remarkable Actions of that Deity I treat of, will I hope prove more grateful to any intelligent Reader, than an accumulated bundle of invented Fables, which I must otherwise have clapt in their room.

But

But all these Apologies with many others, which I might reasonably add, could not have prevail'd with me to appear in Print, had I not considered that there are many excellent Wits of both Sexes, whom cruel Custom or incroaching Business has debar'd the benefit of the Greek *and* Latin *Tongues, to whom I thought this small Poem illustrated with Cuts proper to every God and Goddess, &c. might not be altogether insignificant, nor any thing the less acceptable because in Verse, whose Chiming Periods seem at once to strike both the Fancies and Memories of the illiterate. To whom, if this Contributes any assistance, it has effected the intention of Thy loving Friend.*

R. W.

SATVRNE.

The Poetical History of Saturn.

WHen the great Fabrick of the world was wrought
And all things newly started out of Nought.
Ran into form, and made a goodly show,
None could immagin whence they came, or how.
Sudden th' appear'd, and pleasing to the Eie,
As gaudy Rainbows in a Cloudy Skie;
Form'd, as 'tis thought, by some Superior Good,
Who the first Elements well understood;
Knew their compositures, and with Artful hand,
Made 'em obedient to his lowd Command.
The which down hither, he so neatly hurl'd,
That in their fall, they dropt into a World.
Within whose spacious Confines there was none
But *Cœlus* found to Rule the Empty Throne;
Who as he walk'd his Boundless Empire, spide
The Goddess *Terra*, whom he took for Bride.
Out of whose Firtil Womb, he soon begot
Tytan and *Saturn*, Gods of wondrous Note,
And Monstrous *Cyclops*, Born but with one Eie
Amidst their Front; at which Deformitie

The Throbing Breaſt of *Cœlus* did ſo ſwell,
That Furiouſly he hurl'd them down to Hell;
Condemn'd them there, Eternally to Fry.
In forming bolts for *Jove*'s Artillery,
Which diſmal News, when it approacht the Ears
Of Virtuous *Terra*, ſet her all in Tears;
Who ſoon that Paſſion for a Nobler Chang'd,
And ſtead of Sighing, ſought to be Reveng'd
Of her too cruel Husband. Straight ſhe goes,
To both her Sons, to whom ſhe does Diſcloſe
Their Fathers horrid Fact at ſuch a rate,
As gave them cauſe to fear Reſembling Fate.
Adventerous *Saturn* had no ſooner heard
The Impious Story, but without regard
To filial Duty, or that Reverent fear
Which Children to their Parents ought to bear,
With his keen Syth to *Cœlus* ſtraight he flies,
And Cruelly cuts off his Privities:
Commits them to the foaming Sea for Tomb,
Where yet they found a favourable Womb, (ſprung
Ingendring with that froth, from which Dame *Ven*

The mighty Emp'ror of the VVorld thus Dead,
Tytan as Elder brother ſhould ſucceed,
But him, his Mother, and his Siſter too
Slyly perſwaded to Reſign his Due
(For Life) to *Saturn*, who aſcends the Throne
He was to hold on this Condition,

VVha

VVhat ever Children Male, Saturn ſhould have
By his *Sybelle*, none of them muſt Live,
That ſo no Heirs might poſſibly ſucceed,
But *Tytans* Linage Reign when he was Dead:
The Bloody contract thus agreed upon
VVhen *Saturns* VViſe, *Sybelle*, was far gon,
In anxious Travel of a Luſty Boy,
VVhich ſoon as Born, his Father did Deſtroy
VVith open Mouth, tearing it Limb from Limb;
A *Cannibal* appear'd a Saint to him.
The new Congealed Fleſh, like Gravy run
Out of both ſides his Mouth, and ere he had done,
The offended Blood, beſmeer'd his Graceleſs Cheeks,
VVho ſtopt his Ears againſt the Infants Shrieks
And ſpotleſs Innocence, which might have mov'd
A Tygar to repent his Rage, and Lov'd.
The griev'd *Sybelle*, mightily diſmay'd,
To ſee that all her Sons muſt be deſtroy'd,
By virtuous Subtilty, reſolved to ſtrive
The beſt ſhe could to keep an Heir a Live,
VVhich thus ſhe brought to paſs, within a while,
VVith forward Twins her VVomb began to ſwell:
Her time expir'd, and ſhe did ſafely Bear
Two Luſty Babes, *Juno* and *Jupiter*;
The firſt a Female, was to Saturn ſent,
VVho nothing Jealous of the good event,
VVas well content, and certainly Believ'd
That ſhe was all his VViſe had then Conceiv'd.

To *Curetes* or *Corybantes* care,
She recommends the helpleſs *Jupiter*
To Nurſe him privately, and ſo to Free
Him from his Fathers Bloody Crueltie.
Divers more Sons did fruitful *Terra* beat,
VVhoſe Lives ſhe Ranſom'd with reſembling Care,
Inventing Tinking Games, of happy noyſe
VVhich drowned both her little Infants voyce,
And ſtopt their Fathers Rage, and fil'd their Mothers Joyes.
In this ſoft Calm of ſtate, began that Age
VVhich all the Pens of Poets did engage
To Celebrate. That Golden Age, when Man,
Stranger to waſting Grief and fretful pain,
In cool green ſhades, made up a bleſt aboad,
Rich as a Miſer, happy as a God.
Ere ſimple Nature was by art Debaucht,
Or Luxury his Inclination reacht,
VVhilſt homely Plenty with ſharp appetite,
Imparted ſatisfaction and delight:
His food was ſuch as Nature did impart,
Ere with the vitious eating grew an Art,
And Chaſt cold Springs did kindly ſquench his Thirſt,
VVhich by no Fevouriſh ſurfeit was increaſt.
VVhen only needful things he aim'd to know,
And calm content ſet ſimpering on his Brow.
Theſe were the bleſſings of wiſe *Saturns* Days,
To which ſucceeding Ages gave ſuch prays.

Saturn

Saturn, the God of time, whose mighty hand
An endless Serpent grasping did command;
VVho her sharp Tail into her mouth did Twine,
As a fit Emblem of Reverting Time.
Years end in Years, and Seasons steal upon us
At unawares, *In cese virtitur Annus.*
VVhen Creeping time with man-like years had fil'd
Young *Jupiter*, whom *Saturn* would have Kil'd,
And giv'n him VVit and Courage, such a store,
As did forbid his silence any more.
VVherefore, when he had heard the full design,
How his own Father sought to Murther him;
Studying by all his Cunning to prevent
That horrid Death which to himself was meant,
From Heaven, by force, he made his Father fly
To seek a Residence in *Italy*.

IUPITER.

The Poetical Story of Jupiter.

Saturn thus Vanquisht, *Jupiter* his Son,
Betwixt himself and's Brethren shar'd his Throne.
Heav'n to himself he kept; the VVaters he
Commits to's Brother *Neptunes* Sov'raignty;
Whilst to his Brother (*Pluto's*) Lot it fell
To Rule the large Dominions of Hell.
Great *Jupiter* had scarcely warm'd his Throne,
But an Intestine Dangerous VVar begun
To Reel his Title, for the angry Earth
Seeing her Sons, the *Titans* bruis'd to Death;
Brought forth strange Monsters of a Hideous hew,
Mighty in strength, and terrible to veiw:
Which horrid Army, she forthwith commands
To Randesvouz in the *Thessalean* strands,
Amidst the fair *Plegrean* Fields, where she
Points them the likelyest way to Victorie.
Hills upon Hills, and Rocks on Rocks they throw,
Mountains and Trees, and all they found below
That great or bulky seem'd, thereby to Raise
A *Piramid*, whose head might reach the Skyes.
From whence they meant to brave the Gods, and then
To hurl their Emp'rour to Earth agen.

Amongst the rest, who threatened Heaven thus,
Were stout *Ægeon* and *Enceladus*,
With brave *Bryareus*, and more than these,
All born with full a hundred Hands a Piece;
Which in hard Service, every one did Joyn
Towards th' accomplishing the bold design.
The vast *Sicilian Typhon*, who could stand (Hand,
With's Feet on the Earth, and scratch the Sky with's
Whose outstretcht Arms, could all the world Controul,
And touch at once the *North* and *Southern* Pole:
Half Man, half Serpent too, he did appear,
(As did the most of all those Monsters there,)
A scortching Breath from out his Body came,
And Fiery Belches Flashing into Flame;
Guilded with so much horror, that the fright
Caus'd some young Gods to make a shameful flight;
Who dastardly to wealthy *Ægypt* ran
Assuming there some Leek or Onyan's Name:
Causing by so unworthy a Disguise,
The fond *Egyptians* to *Idolatrize*.
But still the Seidge bold *Jupiter* withstands,
Hurling great Thunderbolts from his dire hands;
Which thick as Hailstones, on the Gyants Lighted,
Who at so strange Artillery affrighted;
No longer durst the Heav'nly force engage,
But took their heels, and basely fled the Siedge.
Yet still his anger on these Monsters fell,
Which overtook them sending some to Hell;

Others

Others by hideous Death's to end he brought,
Loading their Graves with mighty *Æna*'s weight,
That they as endless Monuments might Lye,
And tell his fame to long Eternity.
These Gyants thus distroy'd, that very year,
The Heavenly Thief *Prometheus* did appear,
VVho taking Earth and VVater, then began
To Form and shape the Hapless Creature Man;
VVhom he endow'd with an Immortal Soul
Of Heavenly fire, which he from thence had stole;
VVhen all the powerful *Jupiter* enrag'd,
Sends to his Uncle *Vulcan*, and engag'd
Him upon honour, not to let this pass;
So that a mighty Chain provided was
To bind him to mount *Caucacus* for ever,
And deathless Vultures to Devour his Liver;
Which every Night encreast, that so the pain
By them next day might be renew'd again:
But valliant *Hercules* disturb'd to see
Him tortur'd thus for's Ingeniitie,
With pearless strength, plucks of the weighty Chain,
And freed him from Imprisonment and pain.
Whereat great *Jupiter* incens'd to see
Prometheus so soon at Libertie,
VVhom he a sad and endless Hell design'd,
He recontracts the fury of his mind,
Doubles his Rage, and with a frowning Brow,
And fiery Eyes, begins to study how

Prometheus

Prometheus his pain he might so change,
As to Inflict on him a worse Revenge.
And therefore to the fair *Pandora* sent,
As the most likely fatal instrument,
To work the black resolves of his vext mind,
(Beauty corrupted, is to vice most kind.)
To her he calls, and hastily Commands,
To take into her fair and beauteous hands,
A falal *Box* of Deadly Poysons, which
To *Epemetheus* as a Present Rich,
And sent from Gods, she must deliver to him;
VVho hoping some great rarity therein,
Hastily open'd it, at which there flew,
A Nest of Evils and diseases too;
VVho expeditiously themselves disperse,
And sadly tainted all the Universe.
Thus Fame and Triumph seemed every where,
To weight upon victorious *Jupiter*,
Who having crusht the Gyants, and subdu'd
Rebellious Mortals, softer ease persu'd.
VVarm Luxury began to make her Nest
In the Meridian of his Royal breast,
And Love and Lust, blow'd up such glowing fires,
As prompted him to ease --- those lew'd desires.
To virtue now he had but small regard,
VVhen Incest but a little Sin appear'd.
His Native Sister *Juno* he did VVed,
And forc'd her to his rude Incestious Bed.

Then

Then *Tros*'s Son, young *Ganimedes*, he
Did force to an unknown Debaucherie.
The fair *Europa*, she from whose bright fame,
The best part of the World has ta'ne its Name,
VVas the next victin to his raging Lust,
By reason of whose virtue, he was forc'd
To change his Godlike, for a *Beastlike* shape,
VVherein by force he did that wicked Rape.
The next was *Dena* in her brasen Tower,
VVherein he got and rain'd a golden show'r,
VVhich lighted on such animated Earth,
As gave renowned *Perseus* happy birth.
Thus *Jupiter* before his last retreat,
VVas grown to men as infamous as great.

MARS;

The Poetical History of Mars.

ALong adeiw to all the Sweets of Eaſe,
To all the pleaſing ſofts of downy Peace;
To all my ſilent ſighs and lonely grief,
VVhich to my Labouring mind have brought Relief;
VVhen all my ſtartled friends, my help did fly,
Fearing th' infection of my miſery;
And every frowning ſtorm, Heav'n Combin'd,
To ſtorm the requiems of my happy mind.
Farewel each ſilent ſpring, and ſhady grove,
Ye kind repeaters of my ſlighted Love;
How oft have you a temperate Solſtice made
For my reception, ſweetly ſtain'd with ſhade:
VVhere 'neath the umbrage of ſome willow, I,
Melted to Tears, and breath'd into a ſigh:
To beautious *Sylvia* for a Smile did ſue,
VVhen your kind Eccho nimbly anſwers, doe.
But ſhe, ah cruel ſhe; with ſcornful Eye
And frowning *Brow*, commanded me to Dye.
Farewel my Study, where I us'd to find,
Jems to inrich my ſoon exhauſted mind,
VVhich without th' aſſiſtance of that wealthy ore,
VVould ſoon turn *Bankrupt*, and indite no more.

Glutted

Glutted with pleasure, often have I read,
Those sweet communications of the Dead;
With such delight, and Rapsody of Mind,
With thoughts so settled, and a Soul sublim'd,
That grief nor Care, withal their subtlest Art,
Could find no Room nor Lodging in my heart.
Contentment Raign'd, and during its short stay,
Lockt up the Door, and kept it self the Key.
The Lib'ral Sciences, like various Dishes
Besieg'd me round and pleas'd my highest wishes.
Sometimes I did my hungry Stomach try,
With the first course of sound Phylosophy:
The strong'st and solid'st Viends to sustain
The light *Mercurial* Junkets of the Brain.
Sometimes my thoughts were much sublimer giv'n;
And strove to trace the Motions of the Heav'n;
Where I beheld each Planet in Seat
Regent, was King, and Carved human fate.
Then with a curious, but declined Eye,
I read the small *Ænigma*'s of the Sky.
Sometimes to look, my Fancy did incline,
In the dark backward, and abiss of time;
Where it solac'd me infinitely to learn,
The Humour of the world æ're I was born.
But then I must confess, I griev'd to know
How wise men then were, and how foolish now.
Then like a Laden *Bee* I'de homeward flie,
To my own Native Study, Poesie:

And wind up all in Measure and in Form,
Which I from other Sciences did Learn.
This was the busines of my Ease, but now
Such downy thoughts, alas, I must forego,
And nought but those of fighting, noys of Drum,
And clashing Swords, must in my Phansie come;
The Trumpets Clangor, and the warlike fife,
The desperate Souldier, prodigal of Life,
Conjoyned Battles, which incorporate seem,
Chorust with dismal groans of dying Men,
Are thoughts most fit for him, who dares to be
So bould, brave *Mars*, as write thy Historie.
Thou Son of *Jupiter*, and *Juno*'s bed,
Who in the warlike *Northern* Climes wast bred,
Taught by wild Furious Lyons, how to Dare,
And how to suffer, by the Ruged Bear.
On whom a *Northern* blast no more Prevails,
That does on us warm *Zypherus* gentle Gales.
About the world thou undisturb'd wouldst go,
When all the Earth was mantled up in Snow,
And Fiercest Tygars from their Dens didst Chace,
VVho to thy hotter Fury soon gave place,
Leaving thee their, warm Coverts for to be,
A *Magazin* to hold thy Arms and thee.
This thy prodigious Valour, when 'twas hurld,
B'officious fame, to this our Southern world;
Made Jealous *Jupiter* a fraid to see,
This threatning stem of his own Proginie.

Born

Born on triumphant Charriot, thou didst Ride,
With frightful Sprights, attending at thy side:
Clamour, Contention, and thin Meagre fear,
Drest in their proper garbs, thy Servants were.
Terror and apprehension too, with long
And grisly locks, went stalking in the throng
Before the loud tongu'd fame in gaudy Cloaths,
(Stuck full of Eyes, as Orenges with Cloves.)
In Antick garb, as Ancient Poets say,
Sat as Postilian all thy flower strow'd way.
In this Heroick posture didst thou come,
Displaying Colours, striding on a Drum,
Halbeart in hand, and trunchion on thy hip,
With Fair *Bellona*, flourishing her whip.
When Limping *Vulcan* light new Married Dame,
Came to intrap thee with her wanton Flame.
And now ye Sons of *War*, some of ye do,
Tell me what all your mighty strength can do?
You who have watcht a Siedge both day and night,
Till your Numb'd Limbs have Frozen where you sit;
You who can Laugh, when th' *Ominous* Canon bauls,
And crouds of Souldiers to *Elizium* calls.
You, in whose countenance no change appears,
Though whistling *Bullets* fly about your Ears.
Or you, who from a *Rampier* dare to expose
Your Selves and Friends, amongst your deadly Foes;
Tell me how meanly should you these things prize,
Who have no Armour 'gainst a womans Eyes.

Behold

Behold and see your all-commanding *Mars*,
The mighty Stickler in the Roman VVars:
He who did all their Enemies Resist,
And dealt out Crowns to whom, and where he list.
VVhen he beholds fair *Venus* on his Knee,
Poorly Intreating his Captivitie:
Changing the Title due to Martial Cares,
For a Common Souldier in Venerial VVars.
The comming Goddess presently was won,
And freely grants an assignation;
VVhich prively, without the least regard
Of those two Cumbitants, was over heard
By Yellow *Vulcan*, who a Net prepar'd,
VVherein the Naked Lovers were insnar'd.
Just in the time of Action, all the Gods
At News hereof came from their bright Aboads,
To see 'em both in Loves Imbraces Ly,
Expos'd to view, and bar'd from Liberty; (Doom,
Some Laught, some Blusht, some gave him heavy
But others Smil'd, and wisht 'um in his Room.

APOLLO.

The Poetical History of Apollo.

LUxurious *Jupiter* at length b'ing Cloyd,
With th' nauceous pleasures of a Marriage Bed;
His wanton Eyes on fair *Latona* plac'd,
(A ruddy Nimph with wondrous Beauty grac'd.)
Her he affected, and with pain he strove,
To let her know the greatness of his Love.
The Pretty Nimph, as other Maidens do,
At first reply'd the usual answer ----- No.
But when the God-like Lover prest her home;
Like full ripe Fruit, she gently tumbel'd Down;
And with enclosed Eyes, that bliss enjoy'd,
Which 'gainst her Conscience she so long deny'd.
But their Imbraces could not be so close,
But Jealous *Juno* heard the Echoing Noys,
Which through the Mouth of Prating Gods was sent
So Loud, it sounded through the Continent.
By grand experience Marry'd Folks may Ghess;
How *Juno* brook't her Rivals happiness.
When she was told, her Husband did confer
On Fair *Latona*, what was due to her.
Great Gods! Methinks I hear her tear and Fling;
And Swear so loud, she makes the Heaven's Ring;

Upbraided *Jupiter* with th' horrid Sin,
And threatning she will do as much for him.
Then on a sudden, into silence change,
With bended Brows contriving this revenge.
The Serpent *Python* which in former time,
Sprang from the fam'd *Deucaleans* Muddy slime.
Him she engaged by her strict command,
To drive *Latona* from that fertil Land,
And Brib'd the Earth, to let her have no room
In all the world, but *Delos* for her home;
Delos which might as well have serv'd her for a Tomb.
Had not kind *Neptune* for *Latona*'s sake,
Both fixt and rais'd it 'bove the brinish Lake
Wherein it sunk. There as she walkt a while,
Admiring at th' uninhabited Isle,
She chanc'd to find a spreading Palmtree Leaf,
(The sheet which caught the burden of her Grief,)
Whereon her body was no sooner layd.
But out alas's! In vain for help she cry'd:
No friendly Mid-wife to her Groans was near,
There was no Husband, nor kind Neighbours there,
Nor none to pitty with a wishing Tear.
But by and by a recompence appear'd
For all her pains, when two fair Twins she heard.
With Infant shrieks, endeav'ring to bemone,
Those throws and Pangs which she had undergone;
These were *Diana* and *Apollo*. He
Soon as Arriv'd at full Maturitie,

Remem

Remembring *Pythons* Rudeneſs to his Mother,
No longer could his Noble Vengeance Smother;
VVith Bow and Quiver to that VVood he hy'd,
Where Monſtrous *Typhon* Cuſtom'd to reſide;
VVho made a ſtrong reſiſtance but in vain,
For all the Gods the Quarrel did maintain.
And Heaven it ſelf with an unus'd delight,
Eccho'd, go *Pæan* all the time of Fight.
Hartning *Apollo*, who to let him know
The ſtrength and ſureneſs of his well bent Bow,
From out his Quiver took that fatal Dart,
VVhich forc'd its Lodging in the Monſters heart.
Thus fell great *Typhon*, and this VVar b'ing done,
Apollo Marry'd, and begot a Son,
Named him *Eſculapius*, whom he
Committed to the *Centaurs* Coſtodie.
I'th helpful Art of Phyſick to be train'd;
VVhere in ſuch ſtrange Proficiency he gain'd,
That both by all at home, and thoſe abroad,
That were Phyſitians, he was thought a God.
Him *Jove* with Thunderbolts deſtroy'd, becauſe
He from the Dead, *Hypolitus* did raiſe;
VVhom by his Charriot horſes *Jove* had will'd,
Firſt to be drag'd about, and after Kil'd.
Enrag'd *Apollo* on the Cyclops flew,
VVhom cauſe they made thoſe Thunderbolts, he ſlew,
Leaving great *Jupiter* at Forge, no hands
To work him bolts, to ſerve his dire commands.

The mighty Grandfather enrag'd to ſee
His Servants thus deſtroy'd, reſolv'd to be
Reveng'd, for the affront his Son had giv'n,
Whom for a time he Baniſh'd out of Heav'n;
Forc'd him ſeek a Living 'mongſt the Rocks,
And afterward to feed *Admeta*'s Flocks;
In which imploy, ſo bravely he behav'd
Himſelf, that all the Neighbouring Shepherds crav'd
His Pleaſing friendſhip. Graceful was his Men,
Softer then Down his words, his thoughts ſublime,
Which in Extemp'ry Eclogues came ſo free,
Gods might have Patroniz'd his Poetrie;
And barren ſtrands before their Heav'n Eſteem,
So that they might have been but prais'd by him.
The Ruſtick Shepherds who did rudely roar,
By him reclaim'd were, and would baul no more;
But practiſing his ſweet Authentick Notes,
Unpriſon'd Muſick from their Warbling Throats.
To ev'ry Ode, he ſet a Tune a part,
On purpoſe to betray ſome Virgins heart;
Who as ſhe trickt up to have caught his come,
Without her own was forc'd 't go ſighing home.
So much reſpect the Nimphs and Shepherds ow'd,
That as a God, to him they Kneel'd and Bow'd;
To him they ſung, and did each other prize,
According as their Notes came neareſt his:
But yet for all *Apollo*'s Wiſdom, he
Could find no fence 'gainſt Loves Artillerie;

The Charming Beauties of fair *Daphne's* eyes,
For all his Godhead did his heart ſurprize:
Her looks at once ſo modeſt and ſo fair,
As if ſhe bid him hope, and then diſpair.
This Nimph *Apollo* courted -- but in Vain;
A Vicious thought ſhe would not entertain:
But with ſevere corrections did remove,
The urgent Motions of his luſtful Love;
At whoſe neglect diſdain'd *Apollo* Mourn'd,
And to a Lawrel the fair Maid transform'd:
Which done, his time b'ing out, which he ſhould ſtay
On Earth, to Heav'n he made his haſty way:
From whence each day he doth thoſe beams diſperſe,
Which guild the ſurface of our Univerſe.

NEPTUNE

The Poetical History of Neptune.

WHen from the ſumit of ſome towring Rock,
Down to thoſe ſurges which thou mak'ſt, I look.
Behold th' enraged Ocean fret and foam,
And hear her Roar at thy too cruel doom.
See waves encounter waves at ſuch a rate,
I fear'd their Blows would reach me as I ſate.
Then caſting down my diſcontented Eye,
The very intrels of deep *Hell* I ſpy,
From whoſe dark Bottom by and by ariſe,
Such Clouds of waves as threatn'd all the Skys,
And Roots of Floods in true gradations ſent,
To fall a Deluge on the Continent.
Ah Mighty *Neptune* (to my ſelf ſaid I)
How 'unfit am I to write thy Hiſtory,
When thou ſo lowdly thy own fame doſt raiſe,
The humble Poets Drowned in the Noyſe.
Yet, though to write thy prays I will not try,
I'l give the world thy Geonalogy.
To the Immortal Seed of *Saturn*, thou,
Thy Watry Kingdom, and thy Life doſt owe,
For when thy Father with Paternal care
Diſtributed the Earth, the Sea, and Air,

Amongſt

Amongſt his Sons, it was his great deſign,
That all the watry Empire ſhould be thine;
He put a Trydent in thy Princely hand,
To ſhew inſtead of Scepter, thy command;
And for a Chariot, a vaſt Shell he gave,
Pluckt off the Liquid back of ſome rude wave;
Thy Coach-Horſes, Sea Monſters were, and Whales,
VVhich drew thee gently as ſoft VVeſtern Gales;
VVhen they come Sliding o're a Calmy Sea,
And leave no frowns nor wrinckles in their way.
Thy VVife *Amphytrite* (whoſe ſpreading breadth,
Gave her that name becauſe ſhe loves the Earth.)
With watry Armes which ſhe does round diſperſe,
And bravely ſearches all the Univerſe.
Her thou didſt Love, and to thy bed prefer,
(The which thou ow'ſt a friendly Dolphin for.
VVho on his back did kindly ſave her Life,
And gave her to thee for a Virtuous VVife.
VVhich Dolphin after to the Skies was born,
And turn'd into a Star near *Capricorn*.
After this the rumour of thy Name abroad
Did fly, and thou wert thought a mighty God
By wretched heathens, who amazed ſtood,
To ſee how ſtill thou bind'ſt the Rav'nous Flood;
VVhich when by winds into contention born,
Thou check'ſt, and mad'ſt it ſorry for the Storm:
Nor this alone did'ſt thou, but much beſide,
Thou taught'ſt ſucceeding Mankind how to Ride;

Striking

Striking the Teeming Earth with such a force,
That at thy pleasure out there Leapt a horse,
VVhich thou couldst Check and Curb, command with Ease,
And make obedient as the calmy Seas.
This thou didst do, and from the Earth didst bring,
A stately Steed at *Athens* Christening:
VVhen great *Minerva* and thy self did strive,
VVho should that Famous Citys Title give;
Then thou wer't mighty *Neptune*; but alass,
Thy growing fame sustain'd a sad decrease;
VVhen thou, too proud of thy vast pow'r, didst raise
A hear'd of lean Sectarians, to blaze
Abroad the vices of great *Jupiter*,
To whose great pow'r thou didst thy own prefer;
But found'st thy self deceiv'd, when after driv'n,
By his Victorious Army out of Heav'n,
And forc'd on Earth a wandring Life to live,
Amongst the barren woods, where thou didst strive,
VVith anxious labour and with sweaty brow,
For lives necessities (as we do now)
At length no longer able to Endure,
The faint subsistance there thou didst procure,
To *Lemadon* thou took'st thy hasty way,
In hopes to help him build renowned *Troy*;
But he responding thy desire with scorn,
To lonely woods again thou didst return,
And there in after times begat'st a Race
Of Monstrous Trytons, only Men I'th Face;

But from the Girdle downward, to the Toe,
Were perfect Dolphins, these were wont to go
With certain shells, which made a pleasant sound
Before him, as he walkt the Wood a round.
But in succeeding time, when Infant *Room*,
Had heard that *Neptune* to their world was come;
And well considering all their Care and Cost
To Build that City, threatned to be lost,
For want of that fair Sex which Chiefly be,
The Ground or basis of Posteritie.
They went to *Neptune*, and to him complain'd
Of that strange Famin they had long sustain'd;
Told him their case, how they were like to be
For want of *Heirs*, forgot to Memorie.
To let 'em know he once had been a God,
Neptune return'd their homage with a Nod;
And when within himself had paus'd a while,
Return them this as sacred Oracle.
To the *Sabinian* Plains, your Roman games
Will easily entice the *Sabine* Dames.
Who with their Daughters Joyfully will come,
To see brave Actions by the *Romans* done.
Then in the midst or Centre of your Mirth,
When you have seen a row of young ones forth,
See that each *Roman* on the *Sabines* Runs,
Sease them for VVives, and so beget ye Sons.
After from's billows *London Neptune* spide,
Brought proudly thither by a high Spring-tide.

As through a floating VVood he ſtear'd along,
And Dancing Caſtles cluſter'd in a throng.
VVhen he beheld a mighty bridg give Law
Unto his ſurges, and their fury Aw.
VVhen ſuch a ſhelf of Cataracts did roar,
As if the Thames with Nice had chang'd her Shoar.
VVhen he ſuch Maſſy walls, with Tow'rs did Eye,
Such Poſts, ſuch Irons, on his back to lye.
VVhen the *Cærulian* God theſe things ſurvey'd,
He ſhook his Trydent, and Aſtoniſht ſaid,
Let the whole Earth now all her wonders Count,
This *B*ridg of wonders is the Paramount.

MERCURIE

The Poetical History of Mercury.

OFt has my pondering Muſe with labouring thought
Urg'd me to write, when to my view was brought
The Drifts and Errors of miſtaken men,
VVho to the common Herd would *Cato*'s ſeem:
But to the learn'd and wiſe are nothing leſs,
Then Retrograders from true happineſs.
Oft in an uncooth *Grove*, from clamour free,
None but my Muſe to bare me Companie,
I've worn out Ev'nings as I ſighing ſat,
Thinking on all the various hits of Fate:
Revolving in my mind with no ſmall grief,
The irkſome fooleries of humane life.
Ah! give me Pen, ſaid I, for now I'm forc'd
To write, or elſe my labouring Soul will burſt:
Theſe thoughts the conclave of my mind ſo fill,
That nothing can unlade it but my Quill:
In ſuch a Rapture, and in ſuch a ſtrain,
Great *Mercurie* let me thy Fame proclaim.

Thou moſt renowned God, as well for birth,
As Ingenuitie; whoſe ſacred worth,
And great eſteem, the other Gods declare,
By thoſe great Offices which they conferr
On the great *Atlas* Grand-Child, when vaſt bones,
Cover'd with Moſs, and cruſted o're with ſtones,
Up to a mighty bulk do ſhouldering riſe,
And bare the ponderous burden of the Skys.
He with one only Daughter being bleſt,
Maia by name, who as ſhe took her Reſt,
Slumbring on top of Mount *Cylene*'s hill,
Perceiv'd her Royal VVomb begin to fill.
Her body Barniſh, ſo that out of hand,
VVith thy great birth ſhe bleſt th' *Arcadean* Land.
The Morning of thy Life in ſilence waſted,
Thy forward genius to Diſcretion haſted;
VVhich the diſcerning Heav'ns did ſo prefer,
They all proclaim'd thee their Embaſſador.
VVings to thy tender hands and heels they tyd,
That thou at their commands might'ſt ſwiftly glide
Through Liquid Floods, or cut the ſofter Air,
And in a trice to Heav'n again Repair,

Leaving no ſign or Trach behind the ſeen,
How thou had'ſt gon, or whither thou hadſt been.
A pair of Serpents which did peace portend,
Twiſting about a Rod held in thy hand;
By their ſo mild imbraces did proclaim,
That unity which thou wouldſt fain maintain.
Nor doſt thou only Sea and Air infeſt,
But mak'ſt thy way to every humane breſt;
Which thou imploy'ſt in chalking out new draughts
Of freſh *Idea*'s, and of unborn thoughts,
Which by thy inquiſition there doſt find,
Lodg'd in ſome duskiſh corner of the mind.
Theſe thou inform, and Method put'ſt together,
Till well conceiv'd, thou mak'ſt the Tongue deliver.
But when th' immortal Soul of Man grows weary,
And in the body will no longer tarry,
It was thy Office (*Mercury*!) to come
And hand her kindly to *Elyzium*.
Where when the Soul in Melancholy Groves,
(The dark retriments of deceaſed Loves)
Had wearied out a year or two in plaint
Of its obſcurity, and cloſe reſtraint.

Thou like a mighty all-commanding God,
By vertue of thy never failing Rod,
VVouldst beckon from that *Hypocondriack* Bliss,
And force 'em to a *Metempsucosis*.
The jolly Deities in former time,
Rais'd by the Spirits of *Ambrosian* Wine;
And sprightly *Nectar* at a Feast brought forth,
Or else to cellebrate some Goddess birth;
With which, in rousing bouls, they wou'd Confound
Their sences, till they thought the Heav'ns turn'd round.
Then like some Bloated *Bully*, who hath sat
Till *Bacchus* gets possession of his Pate:
And Landlord like, with an Ejective Writ,
Turns out the little Rubbish of his VVit;
Placing such fumes instead, as naught dispence,
But those curst Plagues desire and Impotence.
Frought with them both, he tumbles up and down,
Swears he will Hector all the trembling Town;
Spare neither Man nor VVoman he can catch,
Nor leave his VVench for Cunstable nor VVatch.
But if they oppose such Airy freaks as these,
Possest the brains of wandring Deities;

VVhen

VVhen warm'd with VVine from Heav'n they us'd to Rove
To Cool themſelves in ſome *Terenian* Grove.
Bleſt by the happy Furniture of Beautious Maids,
VVho with loud Shrieks invoke their Shepherds Aids;
But all in vain, each *God* his Love will Feaſt
In his own ſhape, or for that Love turn beaſt.
Or *Bird*, or *Tree*, or golden ſhow'r,
Or any thing to reap the Virgins Flow'r.
Once when the wanton *Gods* had revel'd thus,
They needs would go to viſit *Tantalus*
The Son of *Jupiter*, whoſe empty board
A well becoming Feaſt could not afford
For ſuch unuſual Strangers, wherefore he,
Urg'd thereto by meer neceſſitie,
VVith hands inhumane, caus'd his Son to bleed,
Whoſe Limbs b'ing neatly Haſht and Fygazeed;
In mighty Diſhes to the board were brought
By him, who kindly all the *Gods* beſought
T'accept that little Treat, which humbly ſhew'd
In part, the ſign of his Large gratitude.
Th' inraged Deities affronted all,
To ſee an Act ſo Dam'd unnatural,

First lay'd their heads together, to invent
For *Tantolus* befiting Punishment;
And then intreated *Mercury* to go
Down to the dwellings of the Dead below.
The Soul of Murder'd *Pelops* to Redeem,
And instantly to bring him back to them.
Which Mighty *Mercury* alone could do,
Who adventrously among the Damned flew;
And by his power, regain'd that Soul from Hell,
Which otherwise had been impossible.
Thus, or through Heav'n or Hell, where e're he went,
This mighty God was still Omnipotent.

DIANA

The Poetical Hiſtory of Diana.

THe Chaſt *Diana* as before was ſed,
Was the Fair Iſſue of *Latona*'s Bed.
When *Jupiter* enrag'd at's ſcolding wife,
Left her to lead a rambling Bully's Life.
Meeting bechance this fair complying Mai'd,
VVhom eaſily he to his Bed betray'd.
VVith Heav'nly Seed he fil'd her until'd VVomb,
From which in 10 Moneths time *Diana* ſprung.
The Glittering *Morning* of whoſe Age was ſpent
In rural Sports; whereby a calm content
Which ſhe enjoy'd in that ſerene retreat,
She might have gueſt the tortures of the Great.
But after ſhe to Riper Years was grown,
And fil'd the world with her deſerv'd renown.
VVhich kindly added to her infant Name,
A trine of Titles to Enhance her Fame.

Luna thy cal'd her as belong'd to Heav'n,
But hear on Earth another Name was giv'n.
[Fair *Cynthia*] who amongst the woods did dwell,
And *Proserpina* when she went to Hell.
Calm was the Seria's of her happy Life,
VVhilst freed from greatness, void of Care and Strife,
And fell ambition; 'bout the Groves she walkt,
And oft of *Heav'n*, and oft of *Love* she talkt.
To a fair Train of 60. Virgins she,
Had to attend her in that privacie;
VVho every one officiously did wait
On her soft words, as th' Oracle of fate.
With Bow in hand, and Quiver by her side,
She walkt Commandress of that Beautious Tribe,
Beating each Thicket as they March'd to find,
A game proportion'd to her Noble Mind.
Sometimes a Royal Stag they gently Rouse,
As he was browsing-in his shady house;
VVho unacquainted with such beauteous Foes,
Stretches and looks about him as he goes; (Eyes,
At length being Charm'd --- Stands gazing at her
Whilst by her Treacherous Dart he falls and Dyes.

A ſilly Pheaſant next (perhaps) they Pearch
On an adjacent Tree within their Reach;
Who from his ſecure bough does leering ſpy,
Unuſual Glories in *Dyana*'s Eye;
Gazing with ſuch intentneſs as did ſeem,
He aim'd at her direct as ſhe at him;
Till by an Arrow from her Fatal Sheath,
She ſends him tidings of untimely Death.
Who not unkindly does the Meſſage greet,
But trembling falls obedient at her feet.
The Timerous Hare at Melancholy Quat,
From her fair hands receiv'd unhappy Fate.
And Paſſant Birds ſo ſuddenly do dye
By her ſwift ſhaft, t'would puzle one to ſpy
VVhether her Arrow kil'd them, or her Eye.
In fine, ſhe was the only Goddeſs of the VVood,
VVho Hunting, Hawking, Shooting underſtood:
But yet ſo modeſt, careful, and ſo Shy,
To keep unblemiſht her Virginity.
That bold *Acteon*, as he gazing ſtood,
To ſee her *Bathing* in a Neighbouring Flood;
VVhilſt lib'rally without reſerve or fear,
She openly expos'd her *Beauties* there

So long, till casting up her Curious Eye,
Upon a Neighbouring bank, she might Espy
The Rash beholder of her Stoln recess,
VVho for that rude intrution of his,
She chang'd into a Stags Similitude,
VVhom his mistaken Dogs with hast Persu'd.
Through bushes, brambles, over hills and downs,
Through watry Thickets, & Damp Marshy Grounds;
Deaf to his Noys, though Name by Name he calls,
Each heedless Hound who minds not what he bauls;
But eagerly their wearyed game persue,
On whom o're tane, so furiously they flew
VVith open Mouth, tearing him Limb from Limb,
That there the sad spectator might have seen,
By a Revenge so cruel and so Strickt,
VVhich she on poor *Acteon* did Inflict,
That nothing was so pretious or so dear,
As an unspoted Modesty to her.
Admireing *Ephesus* had hardly heard
The rumour of her Fame, but up they rear'd
A Stately Temple, where with Rev'rence she
VVas to be worshipt as their Deitie.

No

No Beardleſs Prieſts, her Grandure cou'd ſuffice,
But Antient, Grave, Religious, and Wiſe;
Such whoſe deportments and aſpects might be
A grace to Burniſh her Divinitie.
Nor common Sacrifice would ſerve the turn,
But humane Fleſh muſt on her Alters burn.
I fear *Precarious Scythians* meant to have
The mighty Boons which they were us'd to crave.
A helpleſs Greek fal'n on the *Scythian* ſhore,
Cut into Quarters, Pickel'd in his Gore.
The humble *Tauris* muſt ſurely bring,
If they would pleaſe her with an offering.
Of which a fam'd Hiſtorian has writ,
A pleaſant ſtory full of *Blood* and wit.
When wild *Oreſtes* had his Mother kild,
The Act his Conſcience with ſuch horror fil'd,
That he grew reſtleſs, and diſpair'd to find
Means to aſwage the terror of his mind:
But b'ing adviz'd by own who lov'd him well,
To go ask Councel of the Oracle:
It ſtraight commanded, he ſhould *Greece* forſake,
And *Scythia Taurica* with ſpeed attacque;

Where

Where near the Shore, in an adjacent Wood,
The Famous Temple of *Diana* ſtood;
In it her Statue, which if he by ſlight,
Whilſt all lay ſlumbring in the Armes of Night,
Could but convey unto the *Greecian*-ſhore,
His *Lunacie* ſhould trouble him no more.
Oreſtes Ships, and reacht the *Scythian* Land,
Where he had ſcarcely quit him of the Sand;
But he was Seas'd on by a Crew of Spyes,
And brought to *Taurica* for Sacrifice:
And that ſame Night before he was to dye,
Put into *Ephigenias* Cuſtody.
The Prieſts of *Diana*, whoſe looſe Eye,
Beholding bound *Oreſtes* Majeſty.
The true proportion of each brawny Limb,
His ſpreading Shoulders and Majeſtick Meen--
She him within her ſelf began to prize,
Fitter for Loves, than *D'ana*'s Sacrifice;
VVhich ſoon as the accute *Oreſtes* knew,
He got both Mayden-head and Statue too.

VENUS

The Poetical History of Venus.

WHen impious *Saturn* harbour'd in his Breast
A Jealosie of being dispossest
Of th' long'd for Glory of his Fathers Crown,
By the Intrusion of another Son.
VVith Graceless Syth he to his Father ran,
And rob'd him of that part which term'd him Man.
VVhich when dissected from his body, he
Carelesly flung into the Foaming Sea.
This *Neptune* viewing, with indulgent Eyes,
Strove to preserve the sacred Privaties.
VVhich first he Mantled in a bed of Foam,
VVhere agitating VVaves were us'd to come;
And by their Active Motion heat beget,
These when with drops of Viril blood they met,
Comixt and Curdl'd, then congeal'd to form,
And afterwards enliven'd by a Storm;
VVhich from it's Nest the Beautious substance tore
And left an Amorous *Venus* on the Shore;

VVhose

VVhoſe pearleſs Charms did neighbouring Shepherds (move
VVith Flow'rs to Crown her Deitie of Love;
To whom each Evening every Nymph reſorts,
As the ſole Goddeſs of their wanton Sports.
And if at any time, ſhe chanc'd to be
Too Laviſh in her Shepherds Companie,
Offer'd in ſacrifice a Letcherous Dove,
Serv'd to attone the rudeneſs of her Love.
Drawn by Lacivious Birds, in Chariot ſhe
Tryumphant Rod through famous *Chythere*;
And ſtately *Amathus*, which ſhe inclin'd
To wanton Sports and Levity of mind,
Both *Paphos* and the *Cyprian* Iſlands rung;
VVith lowd Encomiums to Fair *Venus* Sung;
VVhoſe boundleſs beauties often did ſurprize
The Guardleſs Souls of Curious Deities.
VVho as they prying came her *Beams* to ſpy,
Their hearts were intercepted by her Eye.
But as to other Gods, whoſe wiſer Care,
Did court her Smiles, ſhe was not ſo ſevere:
For when plump *Bacchus* was to *India* ſent,
In his Return from that rich Continent.

Venus

Venus hot Love could brook no longer ſtay,
But up ſhe got and met him half the way;
Compos'd a Garland of the *Cyprian* Roſe,
VVherewith ſhe kindly Crown'd his ſtruting *Brows*;
Kiſt her Plump Cheeks, and with ſoft ſighs did move
The Jolly *God*, by wanton ſigns, to Love ----
He who no dull ingratitude did know,
(As in this kind few *Bacchanalians* do)
In juſt requital of ſo kind a deed,
Impregnated her Womb with Heav'nly Seed;
VVhich jealous *Juno* then in heat of Youth,
Thinking all loſt that fell beſides her Mouth,
Bewitch'd, before it any ſhape did know,
VVhilſt it was Curdling into *Embrio*;
That with contempt ſhe might the Parents ſcorn,
VVhen the ill ſhap'd *Priapus* was *Born*;
VVhoſe crooked form put *Venus* in a fright,
VVho baniſht him for ever from her ſight.
Scarce was ſhe from this ponderous burden freed,
But with another *God* ſhe had agreed.
Who by her Captivating beams was led,
To ſeek the Pleaſures of her happy bed.

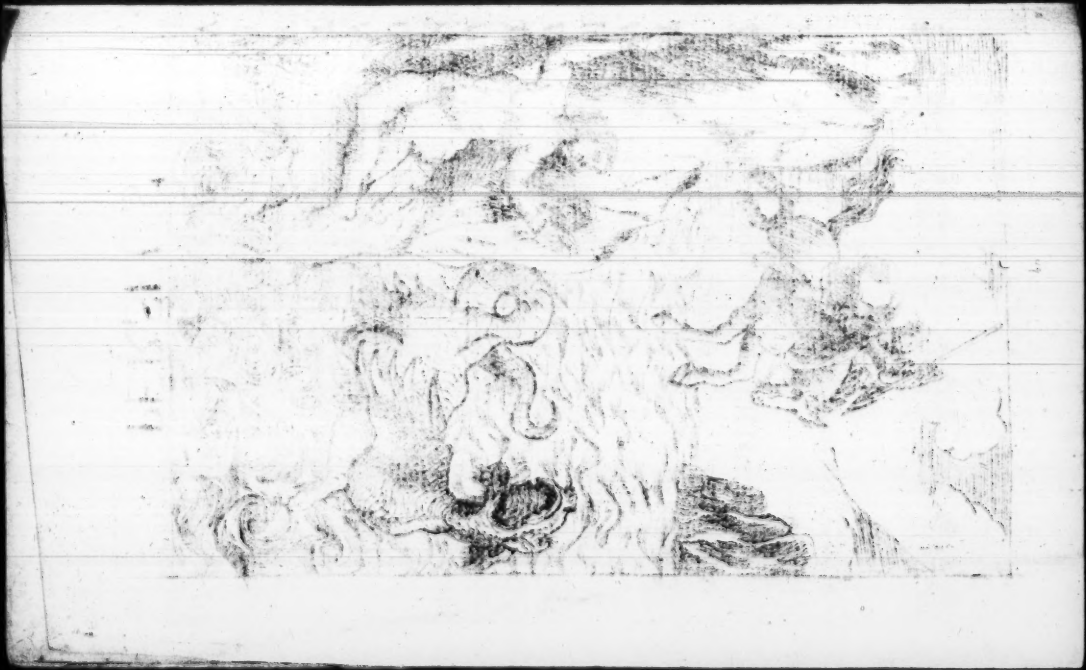
The wanton *Intrigue* did ſo well ſucceed,
That from their cloſe imbraces did proceed
Young *Hymenæus*, who did after prove
The only God of *Conjugated* Love.
The graces were her Daughters too, whom ſhe
Always enjoyn'd to keep her Companie:
And Hood-winckt *Cupid*, who could never ſee,
The dire affects of his Artillerie.
That little Boy with wings upon his back,
And Quiver by his ſide, which ne're did lack,
Show'rs of burning Arrows to enflame,
VVith rageing Love, the hearts wherein they came.
This wanton Youth by Poets too is ſed,
To be oblieg'd for Life to *Venus*'s bed:
And bold *Æneas* he, whoſe pious Care,
Through *Trojon* flames did old *Anchyſes* bear
Upon his back, whilſt in his Face were ſent,
Affrontive flaſhes every ſtep he went.
He of whoſe Virtue Lofty *Virgil* Sung
So Low'd, that all the VVorld has Rung
VVith the Inchanting Noyſe of his ſweet Fame,
VVhich into every petty Iſland came;

And

And ne're will be extinguiſht, till the VVorld,
Into its firſt obſcurity be hurl'd.
He who in all this fame and ſplendour Liv'd,
Owns from fair *Venus* bed to be deriv'd.
Thus looſely *Venus* Liv'd, Ranging abroad,
Free to th' imbraces of each willing God;
VVho in her Armes were frequently delighted,
So oft that ſhe at length by all was ſlighted.
Excepting *Vulcan*, who durſt never be
So impudent, to prove her Levitie.
This baſhful homely God, had often ſed,
He could have wiſht her in his ſooty *Bed*;
And thither had invited her, but that
His Limping Leg was it ſhe mutter'd at
So oft to other Gods, that he diſpair'd
Of having any light Petition heard.
VVherefore one ev'ning as from Hell he came,
Sweating, and *Panting*, *Collowy* and *Lame*:
Thinking to cool him on the *Cyprian* ſhore,
He ſaw bright *Venus*, whom he did implore.
(After had made from her a ſmall retreat,
To cleer his grymed Chops of ſoot and ſweat,)

At once to ſave his Longing and his Life;
By a ſubmiſſion to become his Wife.
The crafty Beauty, conſcious ſhe had been
Too light to keep the other Gods Eſteem.
Like a declining Harlot, ſtrove to engage
A Fond admirer of her wrinckled Age,
Admitted ſilly *Vulcan* to her Bed,
Who ſeeking for a long loſt Maiden-Head,
Was loaded ſo by other Gods with Scorns,
That all the Heav'ns Echo'd *Vulcans* Horns.

The



PERSEUS

The Poetical History of Perseus.

WHen Men, from *Oracles*, the News did bring
To Fam'd *Acrisius*, *Argos* wealthy King;
That to a Child his Daughter should give breath,
Who afterward must cause her Fathers Death:
In hopes that rigorous Fortune to withstand,
Which Heav'n had threatn'd by a Grand-childs hand;
The Young Presaged Mother, (who as yet,
With Man in warm imbraces had not met,
Nor the delights of Lovers ever sought,
Unless by Proxy of a Dream or thought---)
Was by her Fathers harsh Commission sent
To a Tow'r of *Brass* for close imprisonment;
There from the sight of Man or Child confin'd,
To calm the Billows of his fearful mind.
Where, by the way, the Reader may behold,
How vainly man contest with *Heav'n* do's hold;

VVhat little pains it takes to undermine
The ſhallow projects of our deep'ſt Deſign!
What matters all our Plots and Cares, alas!
What ſignifies a Tow'r of Maſſy Braſs?
Tho mighty *Alps* ſhould to thoſe Walls condence,
They'd ſeem but *Nets* to piercing *Providence*;
Which does through Pores, as ſwift as Maſhes fly,
Till it attains it's wiſht Ubiquity.

Reſembling Recreation we procure,
Pond'ring the Reaſons of the Men ſecure,
Who ſit in their contrivances ſo cloſe,
As if no other Fate could interpoſe:
Whom oft we ſee by that ſame *Clue* th'ave ſpun,
Run rumbling head-long to the fate they'd ſhun!
Thus by his care, *Acriſius* did but fly
The nearer way, to meet his deſtiny;
Which like a Thief perhaps, had by him paſt,
But that it Judg'd the Booty by its haſt.
For mighty *Jupiter*, whoſe tender Ear
VVas always open to a Virgins Pray'r;
Could by his high Prerogative invade
The ſad complaints which Fair *Danae* made.

He

He heard her Sigh, and saw her weep and vex,
To be deny'd the Freedom of her Sex.
He daily saw her mourn her dismal Fate,
And heard her wish---she knew not well for what;
But thought he could the right construction find,
And satisfie her discontented Mind;
Forcing his passage through the Brazen Tower,
In her warm Lap he raign'd a Golden Show'r;
VVhich ten Months after such rich Fruit did yield,
That *Perseus* sprouted from the Milky Field:
VVhom with his Mother, grim *Acrisius* he
Lockt in a Chest, and threw into the Sea:
But wandring Fishermen the Chest retrieve,
VVhilst yet both Child and Mother were alive;
In whose great looks the honest men discry,
Unusual signs of Sacred *Majesty*:
By which they held themselves oblig'd to bear
Them both to *Seriphus*'s Island; where
Young *Polydectes* largely did engage
Them both, till Valiant *Perseus* came to age:
VVho by brave Actions in his Youth, made known
That Glory which his riper Years did Crown.

His Fame too bulky for this lower world,
By Ecchoing Plaudits to the Gods was hurl'd.
VVho to divulge, they did his Deeds approve,
Sent him such presents as bespoke their Love.
Minerva, cause she would his Valour grace,
Kindly oblig'd him with her Looking-glass.
And *Mercury*, his liking to declare,
Gave him both plumed Wings and Semiter;
VVherewith so many Battles he obtain'd,
That from his Conquests *Persa* so was nam'd.
His Sinuy Arm the *Nereids* did command,
Andromeda was Frenchis'd by his hand.
VVhen strange *Sea-Monsters* were design'd to Eat
The harmless Daughter for the Mothers sake,
The horrible *Medusa*'s crawling Head,
VVhere twisting Serpents every moment bred,
VVhich who so look't on into Stones were shrunk.
His hand dissected from the hideous Trunk,
VVhose Reeking Blood ingendring with the Earth,
Gave winged *Pegasus* a happy Birth.
That mighty Beast, which with one lucky stroke,
The hidden founs of *Hypocrene* broke;

And after that Immortal honour won,
In his assisting young *Bellerophon*
Against *Chimæra*; having done those VVars,
He Mounts the Skies, and lodg'd amongst the Stars.

Nor was brave *Perseus* only Fam'd in VVar,
The Sciences his private hours did share;
Those who were Learn'd, he held in near Esteem,
And came not but with open hand to them.
He knew in populous Kingdoms Letters are
As requisit as Instruments of VVar;
And that those VVars success does often Crown,
VVhich first are well debated by the Gown.
VVhen Conquest to a Nation Peace does give,
'Tis Learning tells the People how to live:
VVarns them that Valour which their Foe withstood,
Not to Experience in Domestick Blood;
But to their callings each Mans Arms resign
As quietly, as no such thing had been.
These and more noble Notions did procure
Perseus so much to favour Literature,
That on that celebrated mountains Brow,
To which the proudest Poets rev'rence owe.

[Immortal *Helicon*] *Perſeus* Erected
A famous School, where Youth was well inſtructed
In all that Learning which the Gen'rous find
Fit to accompliſh an Heroick Mind:
For which brave Action (worthy endleſs Praiſe)
Antient Poets rais'd him to the Skies.
So their Succeſſors would ingrateful be
Not to applaud him to Eternitie.

The

PAN.

The Poetical History of Pan.

YE *Hural Gods*, who 'mongst the Fields resort,
And wisely shun the Bustle of the Court;
Where dwindled Parts, with discontents lie mute,
Under the lustre of a Gaudy shute:
Where words obliging, and smiles forc't (to please)
Are but the treacherous minds *Antipodes*:
And cringes, by *Antithesis*, proclaim,
What you request, you are not like t' obtain.
Where, though the *Peacock* Treats you with a smile,
Read but his mind, there's *Dam ye* all the while.
(*Why does this Credulous half-witted Bubble,*
With's vain Petition give me thus much trouble.)
But *You* the noys of *Courts* discreetly shun,
You hate the *Hums*---and *Buzes*--of the *Town*.
Where busy men, like Bees together crowd,
And in their Convocations baul so loud.

(Each silly Speaker, fond of what he says,)
That all the Musicks drowned in the noise.
VVhilst you in gaudy *Lawns* and gilded Fields,
Enjoy that simple good which Nature yields;
Pure and unmixt as it at first does come
From the vast Treas'ry of her Teeming VVomb.
As are your Meats, so are your Pastimes free
From the strong tatch of Arts Debauchery.
The lust of honour fell Ambition here,
Does only in dim Metaphors appear.
Pride and Revenge, and softer Luxury,
Corroding sorrow, and that Gloomy Fry
Of other Passions which infest the mind
Of those to dangerous greatness are inclin'd;
To Nymphs and Satyrs, and Field Gods are known,
Only by Tracks of Dark Tradition.
Their Innocence I envy, and implore
From all their Genius's a lusty store
Of sprightly wit, that I thereby may be
Aptly accomplisht to discourse of thee
Great *Pan*: The Fields and VVoods sole *Emperor*.
Give me at least a *Sidneys* Soul or more.

That

That in an untrod path my Muſe may fly,
To give thy Story Immortality.
Thou Grand-child to great *Jupiters* ſtrong Brain,
From whence thy Father *Mercury* was tane;
VVho raviſht with the Beauty of a Maid,
VVhoſe Cruelty his Amorous Suit deny'd;
Reſolv'd by Subtlety to undermine
That Fort which had withſtood Loves Diſcipline;
'Tis ſo in Martial, well as Loves affair,
VVhen the Beſieg'd unterrified appear;
Maugre the fruitleſs onſets of the Foe,
VVho from their Canons Fiery blaſts do blow
On the Imperious walls, which ſcorn to ſhake,
For all the Storms and Batteries they can make.
The wiſe Beſieger, who perceives at length,
Nothing can be accompliſht by his ſtrength.
Cloſe in his *Tent* ſhut up, do's Studying try,
To gain by's *Wit*, what *Valour* did deny.
Sometimes a Band of ſtouteſt Men he calls,
To bid adieu to thoſe unhappy VValls,
As if ſome greater buſineſs of import,
Call'd their aſſiſtance to a diſtant *Fort*.

These by his Order in a week return
With the Besieged's colours, old and worn.
And by a feigned Combat with their Friends,
Shortly accomplish their desired Ends.
For the Besieged, who with Seamens Eyes,
Ken at a distance signs of fresh supplies,
Willing to credit what they wisht to have,
Hope for assistance, where they find a Grave:
Hasten their Ruin, more for want of care,
Than could their Foe, with all the Toyls of war.
And thus did *Mercury*, by cunning Gain,
That Virgin *Fort* which he had Storm'd in Vain.
Who hearing all the pleasure which she took,
Was in attendance of her little Flock,
On which she seem'd excessively to doat.
He therefore in the likeness of a Goat,
Which us'd to make a Bolster of her Thigh,
Did do the like; and when he was so Nigh----
No longer able to refrain, he ran
Upon his Bliss---- and so begot God *Pan*:
So much the Fathers shape the Son resum'd,
That Goatish Horns his hairy Temples Crown'd.

A Rev'rend Beard his pickit Chin adorn'd,
His Buttocks ſhaggy, and his Feet were horn'd
VVith glittering Hoofs, like *Gum-work* did appear,
His feet were cloven as the *Devils* are:
The ſtrangeneſs of his Shape made Nymphs admire,
And liſtening Satyrs from their Grots retire.
The wondering Shepheard on his Thigh ſo ſtrike
His Mutton Fiſt, and ſwear by his old *Dike*,
In all his Born he never ſaw the like.
But *Pan*, as he aſſum'd his Fathers ſhape,
So did he of his VVit participate.
His form was not ſo duskiſh, but was ſeen
Through it, that glittering Soul which dwelt within,
VVhoſe bleſt Effects, the Rural Sports refin'd,
Both *Satyrs*, *Nymphs*, and *Shepheards* he inclin'd
To *Poeſie*, the Glory of the Mind.
VVhat others with long ſtudious Toyl attain,
By Nature flow'd from his capacious Brain;
From out his Pipe Muſick diſtill'd as clear,
As if he had cond his *Gamuth* forty Year.
His daily Practice Judgment did impart,
And made him ſo conceited of his Art,

That

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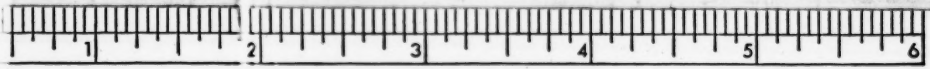

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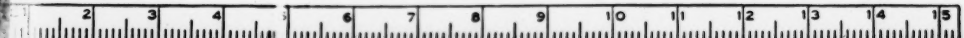

IANUA
DIVORUM
or
THE LIVES AND
Histories
of the
HEATHEN
Gods &
Goddesses
printed for francis
Kirkman

These by his Order in a week return
With the Besieged's colours, old and worn.
And by a feigned Combat with their Friends,
Shortly accomplish their desired Ends.
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Ken at a distance signs of fresh supplies,
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From out his Pipe Muſick diſtill'd as clear,
As if he had cond his *Gamuth* forty Year.
His daily Practice Judgment did impart,
And made him ſo conceited of his Art,

That

That swel'd with Pride, he so irreverend grows,
To snatch at Laurels on *Apollo*'s brows:
Dares his sweet Harp, with *Pans* rude Pipe, to try
On open Stage, for *Musicks* Victory.
Mydas was Umpire in the grand Contest,
To give the Prize to him deserv'd it best.
A silly Judge *Pan* knew gives most applause,
And best success to a Resembling Cause,
And so it prov'd. Him Error did misguide,
To bear the Laurel from *Apollo*'s side,
VVhich *Mydas* as his due on *Pan* bestows,
And thought he Crown'd the most deserving brows.
VVhich injury *Apollo* soon repairs,
VVho to his *Woodcocks Brains* sent *Asses Ears*.

The

BVCCHVS

BACCHUS

The Poetical History of Bacchus.

TIs not the meaneſt Title did Adorn
Renowned *Thebes*, that *Bacchus* there was born;
That Jolly *God*, whoſe Fame was after hurl'd
Through every corner of this Lower world.
Ne're by *Oblivions* cloud to be o're caſt,
So long as *Men*, or *Grapes*, or *Wines* do laſt:
Or *Sols* refulgent *Beams* from far appear,
Or mirth inhabits in this *Hemeſphere*.
So long as clambering *Vines* do upward thrive,
Or *Men* know how the happieſt way to live
By *Bacchanalian* Antidotes, to drive
From their depreſſed Souls corroding grief,
VVhich every humane Error home does preſs,
And worm-like gnaws our goard of Happineſs.
So long may *Jupiter* expect his Son,
Free from the Grave of dark *Oblivion*,

Or the more fierce Attaques of *Hungry* Time
Will live, and by the World be thought *Divine*.
Nor need his Fair, though hapleſs *Mother* fear,
But by his means to be remember'd here;
Though of her *Life* revengeful *Juno* did
By craft cut off the unextended *Thred*.
The *Stories* thus, *Juno*, who ne're at Peace
With any of her Husbands *Miſtreſſes*,
In an old *Matrons* habit came diſguiz'd
To *Semele*, whom ſlily ſhee adviz'd
As ſhee her Intereſt or *Honour* priz'd,
To ſuffer *Jupiters* moſt cloſe Imbrace
VVhen Arm'd with Thunder, as before he was.
When firſt he enter'd *Juno's* Virgins Bed,
And Crown'd his Labours with her Maiden-head,
Semele conſented to the fault,
But b'ing too weak to bare the fierce aſſault,
Was inth' Incounter by his *Thunder* Kil'd,
Juſt as her Virgin *Womb* by him was fil'd.
E're from the Boyſterous *God* he could retire,
(According to Vext *Juno's* wiſht deſire;)

But *Jupiter* with Tears her Death bemoan'd,
And after he a while had ſigh'd and groan'd,
With ſuch Exceſs, as did to pitty move
The other *Gods* for his unhappy *Love*.
He piouſly beſtow'd his *God-like* care,
The *Embroy'd Infant* in her *Womb* to ſpare;
Which ſoon he ſever'd from its reeking Bed,
And by a deep Inciſion which he made
Into the Centre of his Brawny *Thigh*
(An Artificial Matrix to the Eye)
He caus'd it there for nouriſhment to lie,
Till its Birth-time ſhould force its Libertie;
For which great *Jupiter* much honour gain'd,
And *Bacchus* after was *Bimater* Nam'd.

Ten Moons had ſcarcely fil'd their Monthly courſe,
When thriving *Bacchus* by Dame Natures force,
Scorning the Priſon of his Fathers *Thigh*,
Got ſtrength to force his ſafe Delivery.
His Youthful days in learning Arts he ſpent,
Under the wiſe and proſp'rous Government
Of grave *Silenus*, who with Wit ſublim'd,
Stockt and Imbelliſht his *Heroick* Mind.

Which

Which made him prompt to Actions brave and high,
Whereby he purchas'd *Immortality*.
His Virgin Valour 'mongst the *Indians* flew,
From whose black swelling Veins he often drew
Hot reeking streams of putrifyed *Gore*, (*Shed*,
Which Dy'd their *Seas*, and stain'd the neigbouring
Leaving those *Fields* wherein he Battles wone,
With blushing *Cheeks* to tell what he had done:
And Hills of breathless *Indians* heap'd on high
To *Monument* his Bloody Victory.
The *Blacks* at length no longer would dispute,
But rendr'd all his Conquests *Absolute*,
By their discreet Electing him to be,
There Foe no longer, but their *Deity*.
There, *Triumph* in its Infancy was seen,
Which owes its first Original to him:
Which he from vanquisht *Indians* did procure,
As a just Tribute to their Conqueror.
A Royal Diadem adorn'd his brow,
And Libian *Tissue* cover'd all below
In an Imperial Chariot where he sate,
Were all the Rich *Habiliments* of State

Drawn

Drawn by fierce *Tygars*, who their rage ſuſpended,
To do him Honour till the Tryumph ended.
A Lance inſtead of Scepter fill'd his hand,
As the *Monarchique* ſign of his command:
Whilſt Nobleſt *Indians* round about him throng,
To do him Honour as he Marcht along;
With ſo much Glory, and a Train ſo great,
That after *Romans* did but Ape his State.
When *Bacchus* ſaw the *Indians* had beſtow'd
On him the Praiſe, and homage of a *God*;
Erecting ſeveral Temples to his Name,
Wherein each day were *Goats* and *Aſſes* ſlain
With fiery *Dragons*, and the chattering *Pye*,
T'appeaſe (forſooth) his angry *Deity*.
To ſhew him worthy of that large reſpect
To Arts and Sciences, he did direct
The ſearch and ſtudy of his curious Brain,
Wherein he did to that degree attain,
That many wholeſome Laws had thence their Riſe,
VVhich curb'd and check't the Brutiſh *Indians* vice:
And many *Arts* and *Sciences* were made
Aſſiſtant to them in their way of Trade:

But that which grateſuleſt acceptation found
Of all his Deeds, and all his Studies crown'd,
That which ſuch vaſt engagement did contract,
As to obliege the world in one ſole Act;
And makes the *Indian*, and the *Chriſtian* too,
Think all their Praiſe comes ſhort of what's his due;
VVas the Invention of the fruitful Vine,
VVhoſe plotting Cluſters ſeemingly combine
To give Man (like himſelf) a Soul Divine.
To heave his fleeting Thoughts to ſuch a pitch,
As they with eaſe the Chriſtal *Heav'n* may reach;
And, from its glittering *Capital* behold,
Hells dark Tranſactions through this Mask of Mould.
VVhat boundleſs *Ocean*'s able to confine
The active thought, toſt by a ghuſt of wine?

IUNO

The Poetical History of Juno.

YOu friendly *Muses*, I'le be Judg by you,
If I have often troubled you or no,
Not but I've wanted your assistance much,
But my respect to you was always such,
That like some bolder Poets of the Time,
I durst not trouble you with ev'ry Rhime;
Your steep *Parnassus* I ne're ventur'd on,
Nor ever askt a drop of *Hellicon*;
VVhich I forbore, both in respect of you,
And complaisance to better Poets too;
Nor e're could think it fit such thoughts as mine
Should oft disturb ye, *You most Sacred Nine!*
VVhen such as *Dreydons*, and sweet *Flatmans*, be
The happy Subjects of your Privacie,
VVhat reason can induce, methinks I shou'd
Be heard or minded 'mongst that Learned croud.

No *Thelia*, I have ſtill diſpair'd, and Vow
By all the Gods, I had not beg'd as now
Your bleſt aſſiſtance, but the Truth to tell,
This Hect'ring Goddeſs, if I write not well,
With ſuch loud Peals, I fear mine Ears will ſtorm,
That what with Scolding, and revengeful ſcorn,
I ſhall account it Policy to die,
On purpoſe to evade her Cruelty:
For ſhe who could o're top great *Jupiter*
In Heav'n, and often wore the Breeches there.
She, who the fair *Latona* at her will
Could cauſe confin'd in *Delos* floating Iſle,
And by ſome unjuſt Quarrel did ingage
Each *Junior* God to undergo her Rage,
Which undeſervedly upon them fell,
And made their Heav'n as Anxious as a Hell.
She, who amongſt the Gods could Cruel be,
If I offend, what will become of me?
Thus much to you in Private, but beware
(Let me beſeech ye) *Juno* does not hear,
Till your aſſiſtance my low Phanſie raiſe,
And ſhe commends, and checkles at her praiſe.

Heav'ns

Heav'ns mighty Empreſs! thou, who ſtill haſt bin
To us a Goddeſs, and to Gods a Queen.
Who think it their Prerogative to be
Preferr'd, and govern'd by thy wiſe decree;
And round about thy *Throwne* do liſtning ſtand,
To catch th' *unworded Breath* of thy *Command*
Ere it be coin in Language; who do try
To intercept thy meaning at thy Eye;
And thy Important Buſineſs run about
So faſt, they ſtay not till thy words be out.
Thou, who with ſlackned thoughts art pleas'd, Bow
Thy mind to Rule this triffling Orb below;
VVhilſt careleſs *Jupiter* his ſenſes Drowns
In Luxury, which Heaven and Earth confounds.
Thou mighty Empreſs, from thy Heavenly Seat,
Who art for us contriving humane Fate;
Which thou like Sun-beams kindly doſt diſperſe
'Mongſt the poor *Inſects* of this Univerſe.
Sparta, and *Argos*, and *Mycenæ* too,
Gave thee theſe *Appellations* as thy due;
And firſt *Samos*, where thy Youth was ſpent
In harmleſs ſports, and decent Meriment:

VVhere crouds of Virgins, in a neighbouring Plain,
By ſportive ſlights thy Favour ſtrove to gain.
Some with their well ſtrung *Timbrels* in their hand,
In perfect time would tread the even ſtrand,
Some with a Sonnet Song to Oaten Pipe,
In well tun'd Noats, would court thy wiſht delight,
VVhilſt others with more hard, but pleaſing toyl,
By well run Races, gain'd thy happy ſmile;
But the reſult of all, was, which ſhould be
To a good Husband firſt prefer'd by *Thee*.
Thus did thy growing *Worth*, whilſt Young, preſage
The envy'd Glories of thy riper Age
For to compleat you, which great *Jupiter*,
VVhoſe chance it was at firſt to ſee Thee there,
No ſooner view'd thy Majeſty and Grace,
Thoſe crouds of Beauties which adorn thy Face.
The peerleſs whiteneſs of thy Snowye skin,
Thy Nature Greatneſs, and thy Royal Meen;
But he was conquer'd by a ſtrange ſurprize,
And forc'd a Captive to thy Regal Eyes;
VVhom thou with much intreaty didſt approve,
As the only God deſerving of thy Love.

And in requital of his pains, ſervice Wed,
And Crownd'ſt his wiſhes with thy *Maiden-head.*
From whoſe warm Nuptial pleaſures were deriv'd
Vulcan, whoſe Uglineſs his Parents griev'd.
VVith *Hebe*, *Arge*, and Renowned *Mars*,
The Heav'nly General in the Earthly Wars.
This Goddeſs *Romes* Protectreſs choſe to be,
But unto *Thebes* an utter Enemie.
VVho when *Polibius* out of *Phocis* came,
VVhere he had Ign'rantly his Father ſlain;
Hoping within that Learned Town to find
Balm to aſſwage the Horrors of his mind.
Juno before the City Gates had rais'd
A Hideous Serpent, whoſe ſtrange Form amaz'd
The ſad Inhabitants; A Girls Face,
And a Dogs Body, did it's Form diſgrace:
VVith wings on's Back, and a fell Dragons Tail,
It did it's hapleſs Enemies aſſail.
Juno had giv'n it this Injurious Pow'r,
That all thoſe Paſſengers it ſhould devour.
VVhom want of wit, diſabled to unfold
His dark *Ænygma* which was thus wiſe told.

That Creature (Mortal) I of thee muſt know,
Which in the Morning on four Feet does go,
At Noon on two, but in the Evening he
Calls for another, and makes uſe of Three;
VVhich wiſe *Oedipus* did throughly Scan,
And boldly anſwered, *That it was a Man,*
Who in the Morning of his Age did creep
With the aſſiſtance both of Hands and Feet;
And at his Noon, or Prime, did boldly Run
By the ſupportage of his Feet alone;
But in the Evening of his Age debar'd
Of Strength, requires a Staff, which makes the third.
Which ſaid, The Serpent gave a hideous Groan,
And at that Inſtant fled the joyful Town.

MINERVA

The Poetical Hiſtory of Minerva.

THy ſelf *Minerva* only I implore,
Lend me th'aſſiſtance, and I crave no more.
Thou wondrous *Product* of a *Head Divine*,
Infuſe ſome *Wit* into theſe Brains of mine;
That all thy Acts I nobly may rehearſe,
And Sing thy Story to the Univerſe;
That all the yet unknowing World may be,
Throughly convinc'd of thy Divinity.
VVhen glorious *Jupiter* had rul'd the Throne
Of *Heav'n* ſo long, that equal there were none
That durſt be ſo preſumptuous, to compare
VVith thoſe bleſt Attributes his mind did ſhare.
Methinks I ſee him in his ſplendor ſit,
Swaying the Empires of the *World* and *Wit*:
Thoſe boundleſs Notions which inrich'd his mind,
VVere grown too Bulky now to be confin'd;

And

And Crofs-grain'd *Juno* at this time b'ing fed,
To be unwilling to partake his Bed;
Denying him thereby the means to obtain
A God-like Heir, which after him might Reign.
He to revenge th' unkindneſs of his *Queen*,
VVho then was cauſleſly unkind to him,
To limping *Vulcan* went (his Brain b'ing full)
Prays him with Hatchet to diſſect his Skull,
VVhich ſtrange command the Sooty God obey'd,
And out there leapt a pretty Armed *Maid*,
Friſking about; in her right hand a Lance,
VVherewith ſhe trod the VVarlike *Phirrhick* Dance,
VVhich in the *Trojan* wars was firſt begun
By Active *Pyrrhus*, great *Achillis* Son.
This Martial Nymph, who ſtrangely did appear,
VVas Nam'd *Minerva*, Deity of *War*:
War was her Province, and ſhe took delight
To hear of Quarrels, and to ſee Men Fight;
Sought out for Battles, and where e're they were,
Beſure *Minerva* always would be there.
VVhen mighty *Pompeys* Fate was forc't to yield
To *Cæſars* Fortune i'th' *Pharſalian* Field,

Minerva

Minerva griev'd, and would have turn'd the Scale,
But that fierce *Juno* 'gainſt her did prevaile
With greater Pow'r, reverting the bleſt tide
Of dear bought Victory to *Cæſars* ſide.
So when in *Latium's* Bowels did appear
The *Carthaginian* waging Dreadful *War:*
Minerva ſaw his *Valour* and his *Wit*,
And with her preſence daily honour'd it;
She ſmil'd to ſee the ſprightly Youth all gore
Of *Roman* Veins, which ne're had Bled before;
And Crown'd his Acts with happy *Victory*
O're thoſe who ne're before were taught to fly;
She view'd his flights and Stratagems of War,
Whereby he made two *Hannibals* appear;
One in the Fields, retreating *Romans* own,
Another the *Sennat* Swore was in a Gown:
It gave *Minerva* heavenly content,
To ſee the Preſent was to *Carthage* ſent,
And *none ſo ſimply lookt* (to Heav'n ſhe Sings)
As dying *Romans* when they'd loſt their Rings.
She ſhook her ſides to the *Dons* of *Rome*,
(They who an Empire o're the world did own)
Confined Priſ'ners in their Native Town.

In

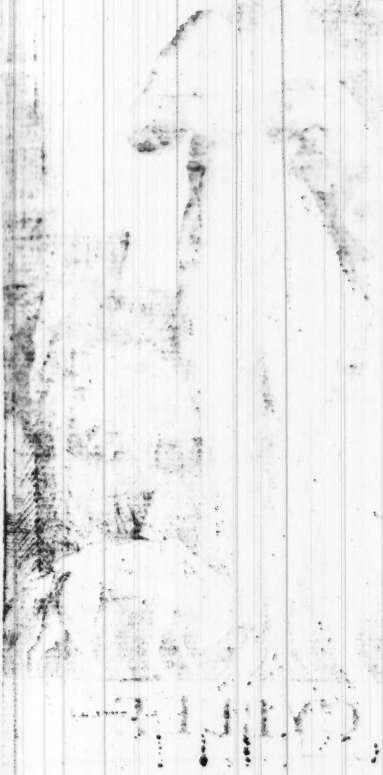
In fine, where Innate *Valour* did Reſide,
The over-pour'd *Minerva* choſe that ſide,
And when hot *Paſſion* ſate in *Valours* place,
She did her beſt to bring it to diſgrace.
VVhen from great *Jupiter* *Vropa* fled,
(Having before by him been *Raviſhed*)
Griev'd *Agenor*, her Father, gave command
That his Son *Cadmus* ſeek her through the Land;
And if not there, to ſearch the world about,
On pain of Death, till he had found her out.
But *Cadmus*, after he with pain had gone
Through many deſarts, and through Lands unknown,
VVearied with Travel, and diſpairing too
Of ever finding her he did Perſue.
Conſidering too, if he return'd again,
Death was to be the wages of his pain.
Loaded with grief, and Anxious diſcontent,
To *Delphos* famous Oracle he went,
And of the *Amphibious* Nymph deſir'd to know,
VVhat in this *Exigent* h'had beſt to do:
The *Oracle* the *Prince* did kindly greet,
And bad him the next Oxe he chanc'd to meet,

To

To ſeize him for himſelf, as Lawful Prize,
And offer to the beſt of Deities
Minerva, who his Caſe beſt underſtood,
And was moſt able to adviſe his good.
Cadmus obeys, and on his Journy went
Through *Warlike Greece*, where on a ſmall aſcent,
Beneath the umbrage of a gloomy VVood,
He found th' expected Beaſt which grazing ſtood.
VVhom joyful *Cadmus* and his Men ſurpriz'd,
And to *Minerva* would have Sacrific'd,
But that in order to that Pious Care
VVhich in ſuch Sacred Actions uſual are,
Cadmus for water had diſmiſt his Train,
To *Dirce*'s Fountain, where they all were ſlain
By a fierce Dragon, which was uſe to abide
In a thick *Brake*, hard by the Forreſt ſide;
So that Young *Cadmus*'s ſelf was left alone,
To do the work of his Devotion.
VVith pain the Sacrifice b'ing kil'd and ended,
For *Cadmus* courſe, *Minerva* recommended,
That firſt he ſhould that dreadful Draggon flay,
And ſow his Teeth where his own dead Friends lay.

From

From which ſtrange Seed an Army ſhould ariſe
Able to guard him from his Enemies;
And likewiſe to aſſiſt him to Erect
Structures impregnable, as might protect
Him and his Companions wholly free
From his Unnatʼral Fathers harſh Decree.
This *Cadmus* did, and with no ſmall ſurprize
To ſee an Army from the Teeth ariſe
Which Ranckt and Muſterʼd, all before him ſtand
Ready to work or March, at his Command:
The Souldiers by *Minerva*ʼs wiſe advice,
Were carried to the place of Sacrifice,
(Where the Prophetick Oxes blood was ſpilt,)
On which famʼd Spot Renowned *Thebes* was built;
Whoſe ſpacious *Forum* to a Temple led,
Where by Learnʼd *Thebans* ſhe was worſhipped.



CYBELE

The Poetical History of Cybele.

YOu *Vestal Virgins*, who do watch that Fire,
which like your Chastities, must ne're expire.
You who of Noblest *Romans* were descended,
Whose *fames* did *rival* those bright *Beams* you tended.
Lend me a *Spark*, my grov'ling Muse to raise
To a fit pitch, to write *Cybele*'s Praise.
Menoes Fair Daughter, *Phrygia*'s mighty King,
In whose loud applause *Athenian* Quills did Sing,
Till for some weighty Fatal cause, unknown,
He was so cruel to *Cybele* grown,
That Maugre all that Dearness, Love, and Care,
That Parents to their Children ought to bare.
Far from his Throne, amidst a Desart wild,
Which nought but with wild Beasts was *stockt* & *fil'd*,
Midst bleakish winds, and in a place forlorn,
He left the Fair *Cybele* to be torn

By

By *Tygars*, *Panthars*, or what elſe thought fit
To Bait his Stomack with that Royal bit,
VVho had no other guard for her defence
But ſwadling cloaths and Infant Innocence:
But whatſoe're we think,-----thoſe Heav'nly Pow'rs
VVho Regiſter each word and Act of ours,
VVho Rule the world, and by Experience ſee
VVhat homage 'longs to Sacred Majeſty.
Put down a Mighty blot, when they behold
VVe wave our Loyalty for droſſy Gold:
This, by this Story may be underſtood,
VVhere Brutes turn Guardians unto Royal Blood;
Renounce their Rav'nous Natures, and become
To Majeſty a ſafe *Palladium*.
For vext *Cleone* had not left behind
The Child an hour, to be expos'd toth' wind,
But from a neigbouring VVood to ſeek for Prey,
A hungry Lyon made his haſty way,
Directly t'wards the place the Infant lay.
The Beaſt Surveys her with a Tayl reclin'd,
And haughty look, as tow'ring as his Mind;

Then by a ſudden ſtart did ſeem to ſpy
Unuſual Greatneſs dawning in her Eye,
Which he Admir'd by Nat'ral ſimpathy.
In this Amaze, a Rav'nous Tygar comes
With open Mouth, and at the Infant Runs,
Whom doubtleſs ſhe had made her wretched Prey,
Had not the Kingly Lyon ſtopt her way;
So that each Beaſt at other b'ing inrag'd,
In a fierce Combat ſtrongly were engag'd;
Which from a far, a ſtragling Shepheard ſpies,
And whilſt they ſtrugled, ſnatch'd away the Prize.
Cybele's Beauty did the Swain ingage,
To Educate her till ſhe came to Age;
And then ſo bright ſhe ſeem'd, her Beauty cou'd
Out-ſhine the Sun, and make it ſeem a Cloud.
As Goddeſs of the Woods ſhe daily walk'd,
To whom Young Shepheards at a diſtance talk'd;
Gath'ring thoſe Roſes were moſt freſh and gay,
To ſtrew before her in her happy way;
Striving by little ſervices, to move
The Beauteous Shepheard to requite their Love:

But she neglected all, till she had seen
A sprightful Shepheard of a graceful Meen,
To whom such kindnesses she did impart,
That all immagin'd he had gain'd her heart;
And so its like he had, for by his Suit
He gain'd both heart and Maiden-head to boot,
At the dear purchase of his dearest Life,
For whom *Cybela* after dy'd of Grief.
Which doleful News to *Italy* was brought,
When mighty *Hannibal* had newly Fought
That *Canna*'s Battle, where the Fields he strow'd
With mighty Deluges of *Roman* Blood;
And Posting t'wards the trembling Capital,
Threatned both it, and all the Senats fall:
In which strange Exegence, the Senate sent
Of those sad Wars, to learn the dire Event
From fam'd *Cybeles* Books, where future Fate
In obscure Characters was darkly Writ.
Which thus inform'd; the *Carthaginians* may
From *Romes* proud Gates with ease be driv'n away,
Provided some bold *Roman* Consul come,
And take *Cybele*'s Statue into *Rome*;

Which

Which by *Pompilius* was no ſooner done,
But *Scipio Affrica* a Conqueſt wone;
And by ſix Thouſand *Carthaginians* fall,
Forc'd them to ſend for Conquering *Hanibal*.
After the Conquering *Romans* rais'd her Fame,
(Both *Veſta* and *Cybele* b'ing the ſame)
And her with ſtrange and endleſs Fire ador'd,
To whom inſtead of Sprites they did afford
A Flock of Virgins, who alternate came
To watch and manage that Æternal Flame.
A Fire ſo ſtrange, it curiouſly would try
That Virgin, who had ſtain'd her Chaſtity:
Who ever after, if ſhe dare to come
To ſtir thoſe Embers, they would her conſume.
Some Antient Poets in their Books diſcover,
Cybele was the Gods great Grand-mother.
Who when Eternity had grunting layn
So long, till ſhe was brought to Bed of Time;
Cybele too in torturing Pangs was hurl'd,
Lab'ring in Travel of an unborn VVorld:
From whoſe large Soul deriv'd in after time,
VVere all thoſe Deities they term'd Divine,

As Miſtreſs of the Earth ſhe now Infuſes
That genial heat which Hearbs and Flow'rs produces,
And by the Suns imbraces, yet does bring
Into the world each Year a luſty Spring;
For which the grateful Painters do beſtow
Small Towns, like Lawrels, circling round her Brow.
In a low Vale a fertil Hill does riſe,
Whoſe Fruit does bound the Proſpect of her Eyes;
Whilſt in a ſtately Chariot ſhe o'relooks
Fair Landskips Lac'd with glittering Silver Brooks,
Which 'twixt their flowry Banks do gently fly,
Rend'ring their Beauty double to the Eye:
Thus was this Reverend Goddeſs uſe to Ride,
With crouds of Shepheards Lacquing by her ſide.

ALUTO

The Poetical History of Pluto.

BEyond the utmost Limits of the Earth;
In a vast space which gave young *Time* its Birth;
Where dancing Atoms silently do Mourn,
Because they cannot Jumble into Form.
A piece of that old *Vacuum* or Shade,
Where Eldest Spirits their first Revels made;
And frisking *Demons* afterwards were hurl'd,
Free from the croudings of this Bulky *World*,
Which push'd and shov'd 'em up to lesser Room,
Making incroachments on their *Vacuum*.
There wrapt in Flames a dreadful Throne does stand,
O're which Infernal *Pluto* bears command,
Stretching his Firy Scepter out so far,
As loudly speaks him *Hells* great *Emperor*:
Burning Grannadoes 'stead of Jems appear,
Like blazing studds on his supported Chair,

VVhich o're remoter ſhades large proſpects takes
From the ſtrong *Atlas* of grim Spirits backs:
His ſhrill Command the ſilent *Grott* invades,
Which caught by Eccho's, bandy'd through the ſhades
Till ſtartled Ghoſts from out their Buſhes run,
Like frighted Hares about the *Elyzium*.
And fleſhleſs *Skeletons* ſurprized ſo,
They leave their Brakes, and wrattle as they go.

Departing Souls to this Infernal Court,
VVhen they forſake their lifeleſs Trunks reſort,
VVhere correſpondent toth' deeds they have done,
They trembling ſit to hear deſerved doom,
From *Minos*, *Radamanthus*, and the reſt,
VVhoſe ſpotleſs Lives deſerv'd that power beſt,
VVhom to that Office *Pluto* did preſer
For their unbyas'd Juſtice practic'd here.
At the poor Souls approach, the Judges call
For their Diurnal, or that hideous Scrall
Carefully kept in Heav'ns great Capital,
All to be daub'd with wretched Sinners names,
VVhich all their cloſe and open Sins proclaims,

In

In Letters Capital, so plain toth' Eye,
That when the trembling Sinner comes to die,
Like Boys in *Horn-Books*, h'reads em through the (Skie.)

Judgment according to their Crimes b'ing past,
The wicked Souls to *Tartarus* were cast;
That by a certain time of suffring there,
They might Attone those Sins they acted here.
The first thing there, the amazed Souls beheld,
VVas mighty Gyants, under Mountains quel'd;
Down to hot flames, because before they strove
From Heav'ns bright *Throne*, to pull the Pow'rs above.
The next which beg'd attention from the Eye
VVas wretched *Ixion*, whose Love soar'd so high,
To court compliance in stern *Juno*'s will,
For which attempt she bound him to a wheel,
VVhich in a swift unseasant pace did move,
To give him Torture for his saucy Love.
But that which admiration most obtains,
VVas *Syssiphus* his unsuccessful pains
Condemn'd for Theft, to Roll a mighty Stone
Up a steep Hill, which faster tumbled down,

And by the force of it's prevailing weight,
Renders him hopeleſs of a milder Fate.
In helliſh *Tartarus* to ſtay their Times,
Appointed were according to their Crimes;
Some ſmall, ſome great, which ſoon as e're expir'd,
The now confined Soul with joy retir'd
To thoſe cool ſhades, where laviſh Bleſſings run
Frequent as Air, and make *Elyzium*.
The ſhape of Ghoſts they now retain no more,
But each reſumes his Form as heretofore.
There Lovers, which this peeviſh World deny'd
Their wiſht Conjunction, happily reſide,
Free from diſturbance 'mongſt thoſe ſhady Groves,
Reaping the utmoſt wiſhes of their Loves.
Some waſt their happy Minutes, to declare
Th' affronts and croſſes which they meet with here;
And then with thoughts renew'd, thoſe griefs deſtroy,
Pond'ring the freedom which they now enjoy.
Here mighty Love does all his charms diſcloſe,
Here *Friends*, nor *Law*, nor *Int'reſt* interpoſe,
But ev'ry Lover to his Mate is giv'n,
With whom he lives, and makes a perfect *Heav'n*.

Here

Here lovely *Chen*——! when th' obliging *Gods*
Shall call us to them in theſe Green aboads,
Beneath ſome penſive Willow, thou and I,
Condemned here, alas! to Gaze and Sigh,
Shall then thoſe Pow'rs themſelves to Envy move,
VVhen we compleat our long ſuſpended Love.
Gods will diſown their Eſſences, and wiſh
To be like us, when they behold our Bliſs.
And envious Lovers at their Fates repine,
When thy warm Arms ſhall cling as cloſe as mine?
VVhen of thy Beauties I ſhall be poſſeſt,
And Love and Youth make up an endleſs Feaſt;
And if at any time our fervour ſhall
Admit an hour or two of Interval,
Reſembling Recreation I ſhall find,
VVhen I contemplate thy Illuſtrious mind;
Thou haſt a Soul ſo noble, and refin'd,
And ſo tranſcending ſilly VVoman kind!
That when in bleſt *Elyzium* it appears,
The wond'ring *Gods* will think it one of theirs;
Treat it accordingly, till I do prove
Thee mine alone, by Tenure of my Love.

Ah! whilſt I think on thee, my Pen does write
With ſo much ſatisfaction and delight,
That common Lovers, in their ſweeteſt Joys,
May wiſh my Pleaſures, whilſt I write thy Praiſe.
Pardon great *Pluto*, that ſo long I Rove,
I left my *Theme* a while to meet my Love:
So once with Amorous thoughts thy Breaſt did ſwell,
When *Proſerpina* thou Redeemd'ſt from Hell.
Furies nor Fire, could not then remove
The wild Excurſion of thy Frantick Love.
But thou to Heav'n, through both, did'ſt her convey,
As Old *Archiſes* rid through Flames of *Troy*.

PROSERPINA

The Poetical History of Proserpina

WHat Mighty Mines of hidden Magick lie
In the small Circle of a Womans Eye;
VVhen Statemens Policies, and Heroes Arms,
Are fain to stoop to its prevailing Charms,
And on this score concede to mighty Love,
[VVhat conquer'd them has done the same by *Jove*]
VVho first his God-head as a Victim lays
Down to the Mercy of *Latona*'s Eys,
And then divests himself of all his Power
To young *Denae* in the Brazen Tower;
To tell the various Intrigues of his Love,
VVould but a *Herculean* labour prove:
It is enough the Courteous Reader knows,
That *Jove* at length to *Ceres* Beauty bows,
On whom his Promises such Credence gain,
She yields the *Fort* which ne're before was tane;

And

And *Proſerpina*, (Heav'ns Imperial Queen)
Her being owes to the Laſcivious Sin;
The dauning Glories of whoſe Morning years,
A Prodigee to neighbouring Gods appears;
VVho by thoſe Seeds of Beauty fate had ſow'n
In her fair cheeks, preſag'd the Cropp when grown.
Each Amorous Deity attempts t'engage
In Youth her Love, againſt ſhe comes to Age,
VVhilſt ſhe as coyly does their Flames diſown,
And ſcorns a Preſent leſſer than a Crown.
Her Native *Grandure*, and her Courtlike *Meen*,
Diſpos'd her only fit to be a *Queen*;
Nor can in Heav'n her young Ambition find
Ought but a Throne to ſtop her greedy Mind.
VVhen ripe Maturity had Crown'd her years,
And warm'd her Brain with ſtrange ambitious cares,
Her envious Eyes to Heav'ns bright Thrown ſhe caſt,
And mourn'd to ſee that Seat before poſſeſt.
Then with a haughty and Imperious Eye,
She view'd and ſcorn'd Earths brittle *Sov'raignty*,
VVhere Men o're night like Demi-Gods appear,
And in the Morning want a Sepulcher.

Next

Next to great Neptunes Throne her thoughts did soar;
But he was furnisht with a *Queen* before;
So that at last she knew not where to find
An empty *Throne* to satisfie her Mind;
Just at this juncture, *Pluto*, whose grim Face,
Had formerly procur'd him much disgrace
'Mongst other *Goddesses*, who view'd with scorn
Th'Infernal King, by reason of his Form.
Great flaming Eyes, with Skin as dark as Night;
And bloated Cheeks, made not to tempt, but fright;
The dreadful Horror of his looks, did move
The Heav'nly *Goddesses* to Fear, not Love.
At whose approach, they always us'd to fly
His Hellish Courtship, and his company:
Fearful from Hell, that he was rather sent,
Not as a Courtier, but a Punishment.
But when untam'd Ambition gapes for Pow'r,
What nauceous *Goblets* will it not devour?
Trampling o're all the Passions of the Mind
With as much ease, as wind through Chaff does find;
Fear and distrust, their Trepidations shun,
Thrust by Ambition, both to Courage Run.

Unmanly

Unmanly Cowardice, and dark Diſpair,
Leave the low Rooms, and to the Heart repair;
VVhere finding cloſe *Caballs* of Paſſions met,
Ambitions grand deſign to Propagate;
They frankly cloſe, and as they had forgot
Their Names, become the deſperat'ſt in the *Plot*.
VVhilſt *Envy*, *Anger*, with bold courage ty'd,
And all the leſſer Faculties beſide;
VVith all the Pow'r, and art they have, conſpire
The ſure compleatment of the wild deſire;
Nay, mighty Love, which will no homage own
To ought inferiour, ſtoops unto a Crown;
And will by Proxy of a Picture Gueſs,
(In hopes of that) at other happineſs.
The Bait of a Monarchick fate appears
So charming to the Ambitious Purchaſers.
(To whom the inlay'd troubles of a Crown
B'ing Hiv'd in Gold, are utterly unknown,)
That they the grounds of Love but light eſteem,
VVhen it oppoſes hopes of *Diadem*.
Thus *Proſerpina*, *Pluto*'s Love do's own,
She over looks his Face, to ſee his Crown;

From

From whose bright Pearls, such glittering dawns arise,
As drown'd the Horror of her Lovers Eyes.
She not at him, but at his Throne does gaze,
Runs to his Arms, but ne're beholds his Face;
VVhere lockt in forc'd Imbraces, she derives
Not Loves warm joys, but those Ambition gives;
VVhilst thoughts of glory do that loss redeem,
As subtle VVomen think on other Men.----
To *Ætna*'s Flaming Mountain *Pluto* brought
Th' Ambitious Goddess, where with care he sought
In Loves great mannagement, to shew such skill,
By VVit and Language, as might gain her will.
But both b'ing ineffectual, he was fain
By force to Ravish what he beg'd in vain.
VVe most Eversion find in willing Mis-----
VVhose feign'd resistance but indears the Bliss;
VVhich else by Foolish Lovers would be thought
Not worth injoying, 'twas so cheaply bought.
Pluto the gloomy Emperor of *Hell*,
Behav'd himself in Loves Caress so well,
That *Proserpina* now insults no more,
But seems to Sigh, she did not yield before.

Such

Such ſtrange unlanguag'd Joys does Love diſpence;
It makes the Lover hate his Continence:
And (where Religions wanting) hugg the Sin
To which he grieves he launcht no ſooner in.
Thus mighty *Pluto*, ſcal'd the Virgin Fort,
And now he thinks he need no longer Court:
VVhen that's once loſt, the Woman Raigns no more;
But Courts the Man, as he did her before:
VVithout more words, ſhe Vows to be his Queen,
And down hot *Ætna*'s Entrils follows him,
To thoſe dull Shades where injur'd Lovers keep:
There *Pluto* Crown'd her Empreſs of the Deep.
VVhoſe Story thus much of her Sex does tell,
They will be Ruling, though it be in Hell.

HERCULES

The Poetical History of Hercules.

WHen we discourse of brave *Alcides* Fame,
Wonders grow common, & forget their name!
Faith can't comprize those Truths the Author tells,
And Reason startles at the *Miracles*:
Our Modern *Hero*'s of the best esteem,
Seem Dwarfish Infants when compar'd with him;
Whose tall *Gigantick* Worth, their pitch out flew,
And is too great for most of them to View.
When to his heighth, the largest thought's sublim'd,
It finds no room for Glory left behind:
But like the curious searches of the Eye,
Returns, and Settles, bounded by the Sky.
As were his Actions of Unvalu'd worth,
So, wondrous was the manner of his Birth;
When *Jupiter Al'mena* to Enjoy,
The Nights conjoyn'd without a Glimp's of Day,

That in her Husbands Shape he might (by ſtealth)
Beget a *Hero* worthy of himſelf.
But jealous *Juno* who with rage was fild,
At the preſageing Beauties of the Child.
A pair of Dreadful Serpents ſent to be,
Of his new Life the ſad Cataſtrophe.
Then with unuſual Courage he aſſails,
And by his Infant ſtrength ſo far prevails;
That by the Early conqueſt, men begun
To Gheſs what Race his Valour was to run.
VVhilſt *Alimena* in Travel went with him,
Mycene's VVife was Big at the ſame time;
And *Jupiter* had Swore that which of them
Firſt ſhould be born, ſhould wear the *Diadem*,
And o're the other bare entire Command.
VVhich ſoon as *Juno* came to underſtand,
Two Moneths before the uſual time of Birth,
She caus'd young *Euriſtheus* to come forth,
And leave the dangerous Lodging of the VVomb,
To be ſucceſſor to his Fathers *Throne*.
VVhilſt ſlumb'ring there, did young *Alcides* lye,
Little ſuſpecting the Captivity,

And

And Vaſſalage he was to undergo,
VVhen jealous *Euriſtheus* came to know
That dangerous Valour which adorn'd his mind,
Of ſtout *Alcides*, who to Arms inclin'd,
Did his green Youth with ſuch brave Actions Crown,
As no contempor'ry Monarch dar'd to own,
And *Euriſtheus* forc'd, by ſuch commands,
As ſcorn'd accompliſhment by other hands;
In dire full tasks of Valour to expoſe
That Life, which ſcar'd him more than all his Foes.
But all the toyls this *Tyrant* could invent,
Serv'd but *Alcides* Glory to augment.
Whoſe dauntleſs Courage near his Strength forſook,
And pow'r accompliſht what he undertook.
To whom the greateſt Perils ſeem'd but ſmall,
And common dangers lookt like none at all.
Both which he grappl'd with Victorious hands,
And wearied *Euriſtheus*'s harſh cammands,
From whom he would have parted; but the pow'rs,
VVho oft afflict this wretched Life of ours.
Proclaim'd by Oracle it was the will,
Of all the *Gods* that he ſhould ſerve him ſtill.

Till his bright fame by twelve brave Actions more,
VVere made more glorious than it was before.
Which thus ſucceſſively the youth Obeys,
And crown'd his labour with Immortal prays.
Out of the hollow Conclave of the *Moon*,
To *Nemea*'s gloomy Forreſt tumbling down;
A mighty Lyon came, who ſeeking out
For Pray, Devour'd the Country round about.
Him, brave *Alcides*, in his Den Surpriz'd,
And with ſtrong hands, his knotty wind-pipe ſeiz'd
With ſuch ſucceſſive ſtrength, that wanting Breath,
The Lyon paid his valour with his Death.
Then from his back, his ponderous skin he tore,
And wore it himſelf in ſign of Conquerour.

Next he was ſent to *Lerna*'s fulſome *Lake*,
The many headed *Hydra* to attaque;
Who looſing one, its wondrous Nature was,
To ſprout out many others in the place;
Nor likely was Mortallity to know,
If all were not diſſected at one Blow:
And afterwards his hateful Body burn'd,
Both which *Alcides* happily perform'd.

About that time, the huge *Arcadian* Boar,
On *Erimanthus* Mountain did appear;
Which young *Alcides* took, and out of Sport,
Drag'd him along to *Euryſtheus* Court;
Whoſe ſhape was horrid, and ſo prone to fright,
The timerous *Tyrant* Swooned at the ſight.
He Vanquiſht *Menalus*'s Stagg in Fight,
And after put *Stymphalus* Birds to Flight;
But that which moſt his peerleſs Valour Crowns,
Was Conqueſt o're the *Scythian Amazons*.
When joyn'd with *Theſeus* in that Glorious ſtrife,
(To whom he gave *Hypolite* for Wife)
The next Injunction which enhaunc't his Fame,
Was, making King *Angias* Stables Clean;
Forcing old *Alpleus* to forget her Stream,
And drive her Channel through the midſt of them;
And ſo perform'd his promiſe, in one day,
Cleanſing of Dung, ten Thouſand Tuns away.
From thence the *Thracian Tyrant* he perſu'd,
(Grim *Diomedes*) with a mind endu'd.
So Barbarous, and full of Cruelty,
That by wild Horſes, he made ſtrangers Dye.

Him brave *Alcides* by exceſs of pow'r,
Forc't to that Fate which he impos'd before.
And made the ſtrange Three-body'd *Gerion* feel,
The fatal weight of his Victorious Steel.
Alcides in his next adventure Kil'd
The horrid Gardian of th' *Heſperian* Feild;
Though ſome ſay *Atlas* eas'd him of that Toyl;
And left him ſhouldring up the VVorld the while,
But that which brought the largeſt ſhare of Fame
To make immortal his *Heroick Name*,
VVas when with unreſiſted ſtrength he Fell
On *Cerberus* and drag'd him out of Hell,
And ſet young *Theſeus* (there impriſon'd) Free
From the vaſt Pains of Hells Captivitie.
This Chain of brave Atcheivments mov'd the Gods
To take him to them in their bleſt Aboads,
And 'twas no doubt, for ſuch bright Acts as theſe,
Apollo's *Prieſt* Surnam'd him *Hercules*.

HEBE

The Poetical History of Hebe.

Like Murders, breaches of the Marriage Bed,
May sleep a while, but cannot long ly hid.
Let the most subtle *Letcher*, wrapt in Night,
Tread nere so softly to his Damm'd delight;
Find out the privat'st Allies, secret'st ways,
To creep obscurely to his brutish joys;
Himself disfigure, in a Cloak or Gown
So strangely that he thinks he can't be known:
The blazing Sin appears through all these shrow'ds
As perfectly, as does the Sun through Clouds.
When secret *Jupiter* in silence had
Enjoy'd the pleasures of *Latonas* Bed,
Though he appear'd most innocent in shew,
He quickly found this Maxim very True.
'Like Gunpowder, those lowd Adulterate joys,
'Bear with them still a hid and sudden Noys;

For *Jupiter* had hardly done the Sin,
But Curſed *Juno* twits him with the Crime;
Upbraids him 'fore the Gods, and threats to be
No more confin'd to the Marriage-bed than he,
Which when vext women ſwear, we need not doubt
To ſave their Souls, they'l ſurely bring about.
Neptune the nick obſerv'd, and did invite
The diſcontented *Juno* to delight
Her ſelf by walking to a Neighbouring Field,
Which wholſome hearbs, & fragrant flowers did yield.
But moſt of all to treat her curious Pallate,
VVith the ſmall Preſent of a ſav'ry Sallet.
To tell you what the Poets ſaid of old,
Sprung from a treat ſo unnouriſhing and cold,
VVould but impoſe upon your better Sences,
VVho purchaſe knowledg by your large expences.
And yet are forc't to bribe the Nimph y'have wone,
Not to declare how faintly you have done.
Yet thus thoſe Poets ſay, that *Juno*, fil'd
VVith that ſtrange Sallet, after prov'd with Child;
And Modern Authors for a truth relate,
That *Hebe* was begotten by the Treat.

whoſe

VVhoſe Beauty did prefer her to the Care
Of her believing Father *Jupiter*.
By whoſe decree, ſhe was each meal to ſtand,
VVith flowing Bowls of wine at his Right hand.
Ready for other Gods, at his expreſs,
To fill full Cups to drink his Happineſs,
Nor was ſhe grac't by *Jupiter* alone,
VVho, as his Darling, kept her near his Throne.
But Heav'n throughout her pratling beauty fled,
And here on Earth her Name was honoured.
The Learn'd *Athenians* whoſe great parts beſt knew
VVhat Homage to *Joves* Cup-bearer was due:
Her perfect beauty, and her pow'r did prize
Above the Rate of common Deities:
Terming her *Youths Fair Goddeſs*, and each Year
About her ſpacious Temple did appear
The flow'r of all their beauteous Virgins; who
To her guilt Alter for ſucceſs did ſue
In chooſing Husbands; wiſe and aptly bred,
To reap the Pleaſures of their happy bed;
Some a young *Chicken*, ſome a *Kid* would bring,
And ſome a *Pullet* for their *Offering*.

Some

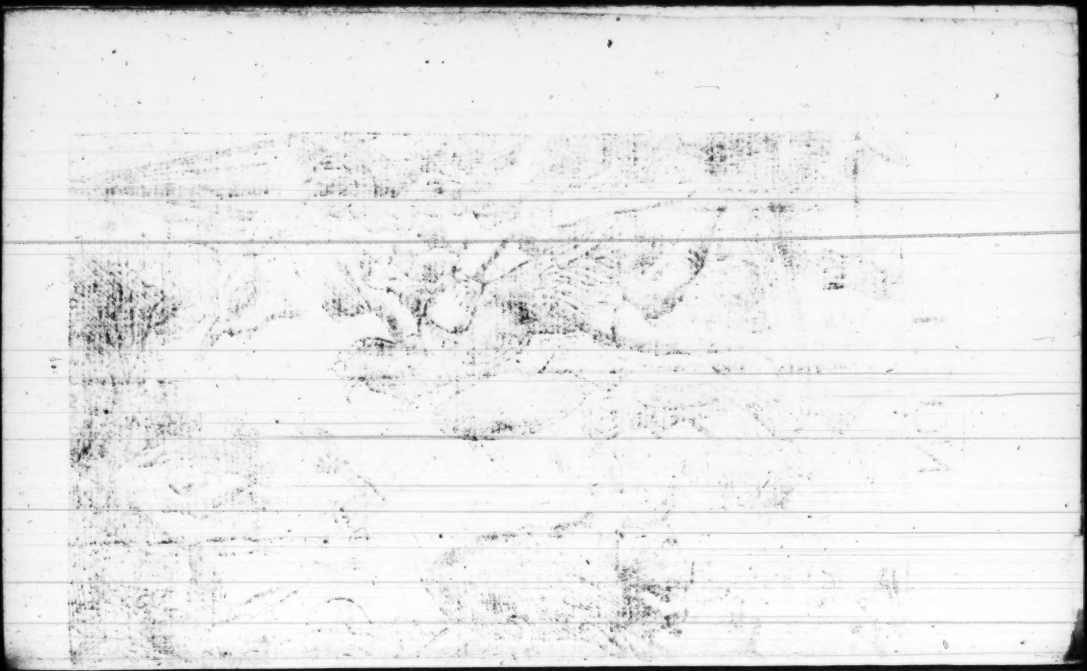
Some a ſtreakt Apple, newly pluckt from Tree,
The Ruddy Emblem of Virginitie.
Some who were poorer, by their wits would try
To frame ſuch ſports as pleas'd their Deity.
Some to the *Ball* would run, ſome th' *Hays*,
Some to the *Keels*, and ſome to *Priſon-beys*.
VVaſting the day with ſports which Youth delight
And then with Rev'rence wiſht her all,--- *Goodnight*.
Thus *Hebe* buoy'd by a reſpect from *Jove*,
VVas prais'd by men, and Lov'd by thoſe above.
'Tis ſo with Men; when *Royal* Beams diſpence,
On humble ſhrubs their powerful Influence.
How ſoon they ſprout? and up t'wards Heav'n do ſoar
VVho mingled were with common Trees before!
How faſt they grow? how far their branches ſtretch?
How ſoon they ſcorn their former Dwarfiſh pitch?
VVith what contempt does their exalted brow,
Look down and ſcorn their fellow ſhrubs below?
How proudly wave they their ſurmounted heads?
Benighting all the woods with Gloomy ſhades.
VVhich wond'ring at their greatneſs, murm'ring ſtays
At it's old ſtature, wanting thoſe warm Rays.---

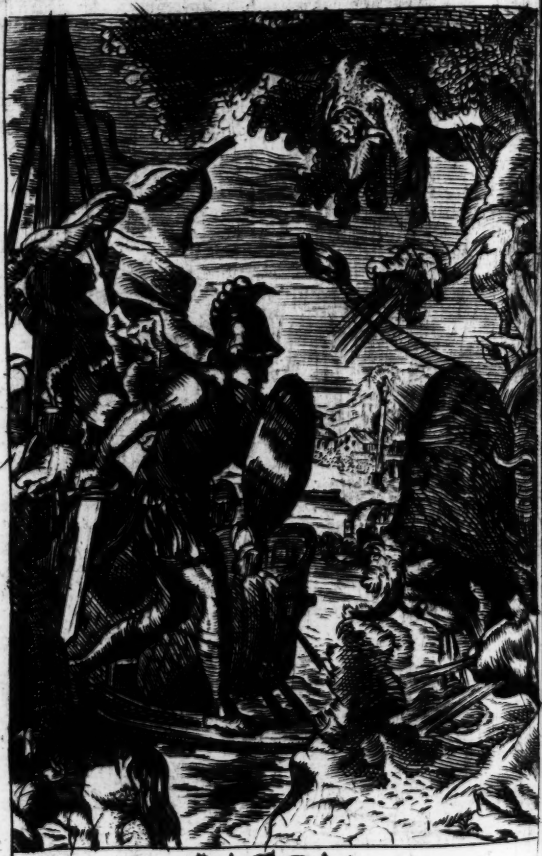
But when the Tempeſt of a *Monarchs* Frown,
VVhat he had rais'd, deſigns to tumble down:
VVhen he retracts thoſe Beams, whoſe friendly heat
Has warm'd and nurſt them to that dangerous ſate;
And from their tottering heads his help recalls,
Their deſperate heighth adds tortures to their falls.
Makes the bruiſe worſe, and their degraded power,
By them is ſcorn'd whom it had ſcar'd before.
Hebe ſupported by the Smiles of *Jove*,
Receiv'd from Gods and Men reſpect and Love.
But when the ſad diſaſter of a fall,
Before the Gods where ſhe diſcover'd all----
Thoſe Naked beauties whoſe ſtrange natures be,
To make Men bluſh, and yet deſire to ſee.
Thoſe fertil ſmiles converted to a frown,
The temporizing Gods their love diſown.
Grudg th' aſſiſtance of a worded breath,
To ſpeak to *Jove*, who hurld her to the Earth;
VVhere brave *Alcides* whoſe large Soul well knew
VVhat dangerous falls the *Great* are ſubject to.
And could diſcern through all the Clouds of Fate,
Untainted Vertue in its low eſtate;

Intreats

Intreats her Love, and his great Vertue ſped
So well, that ſhe admits him to her bed.
From whoſe glad Nuptials (much for *Revel's* fam'd)
Youths Frollick ſports are yet *Hebetria* Nam'd.

The





IASON

The Poetical Hiſtory of Jaſon.

HOw many Evils *Humane Life* ſurround,
When 'ſides thoſe common ones by all men found,
Each man within himſelf does bear about
Far greater Miſchiefs than he fights without.
In all the Pop'lous *Land*, from fartheſt *Weſt*,
To the Remoter Iſlands of the *Eaſt*,
Find me but one, who certainly do's know,
VVhat's truely Good, from what is ſo in ſhow;
VVithout miſtake, for what is't we deſire,
Or fear diſcreetly? what would we requiire
To make us bleſt? but, ever as we ſpeed,
Repentance ſeals the very Act and Deed.
The eaſy *Gods* mov'd by no other fate,
Than our own Pray'rs, whole Kingdoms Ruinate.
VVith things diſtructive we would oft be bleſt,
And ſo grow wretched by our own requeſt.

VVhen

When by false reasons Man's affections mov'd,
No wonder that he hates the thing he Lov'd;
And through the Vail, the Cheat b'ing understood,
Perceives an Evil, where he hop'd for Good.
Thus the *Thessalian* Monarch *Pelius*, drawn
(In *Jasons* mind when he beheld the Dawn
Of morning Valour, which did dayly swell,
And threaten'd to become remarkable)
To dotage; whilst his *Nephews* youth did last,
Nothing was wanting, or, for Care, or Cost.
No art which did *Heroick* tempers suit,
But's Nephew *Jason* must be train'd up t' it.
Athens was not to dear, nor *Greece* too far,
To learn him all the *Stratagem*, of War.
Nor all the Learning either did afford,
To teach him Rule, as well as weild the Sword.
But when this prodigy of Valour had,
I'th School of VVar a fair progression made;
Leaving his Fellows by a brisk advance,
To praise his Skill, and Curse their Ignorance.
VVhen in the Fields by single Combats he,
Had tould the VVorld what he design'd to be;

And

And all who had for Vertue an eſteem,
As her Diſciple 'gan to honour him.
Then *Pelias* whom the wondering world believ'd,
VVould have with joy his Kinſmans fame receiv'd,
Suffer'd his Love to make a cold retreat,
And heard his prays with jealouſy, and hate,
Which in his mind a ſecret longing bred,
To blaſt that worth which he had foſtered
VVith ſo much Pain, and Coſt, and aching Cares,
It ſeem'd the buſineſs of his latter Years.
Thus blind mortality, who wiſh by gheſs,
VVith Sweaty Brows attain unhappineſs,
Which wrapt in ſpacious Colours does remain,
Unknown to them until they feel the pain.
Jaſon had ſuch undoubted *Valour* ſhown,
That *Pelias* grows ſuſpicious of his Thrown:
Feels himſelf totter in the Regal ſeat,
Till's Nephew's Ruin has ſecur'd his fate,
And as a means to work that black deſign,
To *Colchos* famous Kingdom orders him
With an injunction not t' return to *Greece*,
But with the Conqueſt of the *Golden Fleece*;

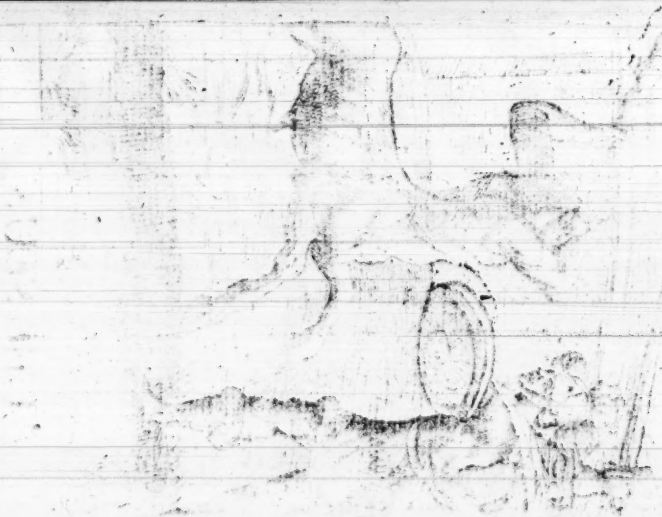
Which

Which *Phrixus* to that Antient City brought,
When shelter from his Mothers rage he sought
Of great *Æetha*, *Colchos* mighty King,
VVho tender of so rich and rare a thing,
In *Mars* his Guarden lodg'd it; where a guard
Of dreadful Beasts from Men approach debar'd,
Strange sulpherous *Bulls* with legs of hardned *Brass*;
From whose hot Nostrils dreadful Flames did pass:
VVith Dragons, such as great *Alcides* slew,
From whose large Tushes mighty Armies grew:
VVere the opposers daign'd to be of him
VVho that Rich Conquest made his bold design.
Undaunted *Jason* had no sooner heard
The news; but for the Voyage straight prepar'd:
Of firm *Dodonean* wood, a Ship both strong;
(And could discourse him as she rid along.)
Nor were the youth of *Greece* so stupid grown
But that they thursted likewise for Renown;
Each Fathers blood did in his Son create
Desire to share with *Jason* in his Fate.
Theseus nor *Castor* could not sit at home
Whilst his Young youth Minopoliz'd renown;

But

But *Pollux*, *Orpheus*, *Lynceus*, and a Score
Of young Ambitious Valiant *Grecians* more,
Who would no opportunity decline
Of gaining Honour, went along with him.
To dauntleſs mindes, which Dangerous Glory court;
The turbulent fury of the Waves were ſport;
They only learnt by Calms, and Storms, to know
The various Fate the Great muſt undergo.
Thus whilſt *Heroick* thoughts had entertain'd
Their Minds; the fleeting Ship had *Colchos* gain'd;
Where *Jaſon* by a Viſit made at Court,
To Fair *Medea* parted with his Heart,
Which ſhe above her own ſo far prefers,
That in exchange, ſhe kindly ſent him hers;
Which fair return of Love did help to bring
To quick perfection *Jaſons* grand deſign.
Medea skil'd in Magick Art did prove,
Whom *Jaſon* ſoon obliged by his Love:
Her ſire *Eetha*'s Int'reſt to diſpiſe,
When it in competition ſtood with his;
By Virtue of her Art, he caus'd her keep
Thoſe Horrid *Bulls* and *Dragons* faſt aſleep;

Which bound in ſtrong *Inchantments* ſilent lay,
Whilſt a ſubtle *Jaſon* ſtole the Fleece away.
Which with *Medea*, (by the help of Night)
T'wards *Theſſaly* he made his haſty flight;
But was by *Eetha* perſu'd ſo far,
That Maugre both the Lovers ſpeed and care
They had been taken; had not *Media's* Sin
By butchering his Son Prevented him:
Whoſe reeking Limbs, about the Road ſhe flung,
Which *Eetha* viewing as he ran along,
Gath'ring them up; bemoan'd the Infants Fate,
VVhilſt both the Lovers made their ſafe retreat.
Thus what for *Jaſons* Ruin, *Pelius* ſought,
Has to his Fame immortal Glory brought.
'The Man whoſe Actions Virtue recommends,
'Is more Obliged to his Foes, than Friends.
'Their Senſures force him to unuſual *Good*,
'VVhilſt theſe imbrace him in the common Road.



THESEUS

The Poetical History of Theseus.

REnouned *Theseus* of *Ægeus* came,
From whom th'*Ægean* Sea derives her Name.
VVhen *Theseus* came to age, the *Athenian World*
He found, by Vices in Confusion hurl'd,
The *Great*, (he saw) others goods did boast,
VVhich their unequal strength had rudely forc't
From helpless subjects; who were fain to Lye
Silent beneath their pond'rous Tyranny.
Instead of Vertue, black Injustice Raign'd,
And rude Extortion overspread the Land.
Princes turn'd Robers, and then greatness priz'd,
According as they had the poor dispiz'd.
The Widdows crys *Chorus* with *Orphans* Tears,
VVas the best Musick could salute their Ears;
And him the Lawrel others did bequeath,
VVho to his Subjects gave the painful'st Death.

But when young *Theseus* came to understand
The Sins and Horrors which besmeer'd the Land,
His Virtuous anger did no courage lack
To give their Tyranies an harsh attaque.
The brutish *Seyron* who with grateful care,
Did plung into the Sea Each passenger;
Was the first victim glory did afford
To this young Princes unexperienc'd Sword.
The next *Procrustes* was, who took delight,
With's Knife, his subjects Limbs to disunite,
Whose happy Death too, did such fame afford,
As double gilded Conqu'ring *Theseus*'s Sword.
But that which fil'd the Sails of Fame more full,
Was the Distruction of *Marathons* Bull;
Which with the assistance of a mighty Boar,
Had vanquished *Meliager* just before.
But that which through the world did farthest fly;
And gave his Sword the deepest Purple Dye,
VVas that immortal honour he obtain'd,
When Conquest o're the Monitor he gain'd.
The manner thus. King *Minos* having lost
His Son *Androgius* on the *Attick* Coast;

(Who as he to his Native Country Fled,
VVas by those Natives basely Massacred)
Bears his proud Standarts fore *Megara*'s walls,
And there for satisfaction loudly calls:
Threatens, if once deny'd, that noyse to change,
And make his Cannons Bellow hot revenge.
The Tremb'ling *Megarites* affraid appear,
And by no means will bear the brunts of war:
But rather than their ang'ry Foe withstand,
Proffer him Peace upon his own demand.
VVhich was to this effect, th' *Athenians* were
A thousand Men to send him every year;
VVhich by the Kings command were destin'd for
To be devour'd by this huge *Monitor*,
(VVhom *Pasiphea*, *Minos* Lustful wife,
By the imbraces of a Bull gave Life)
Amongst those Youths, who this hard fate did run,
Theseus intreats th' *Athenians* to be one;
That from that strange inhuman tribute he,
Might be the means to set his Country free;
Ingageing he the Nation would Exempt
From that sad Debt, or Perish i'th' attempt.

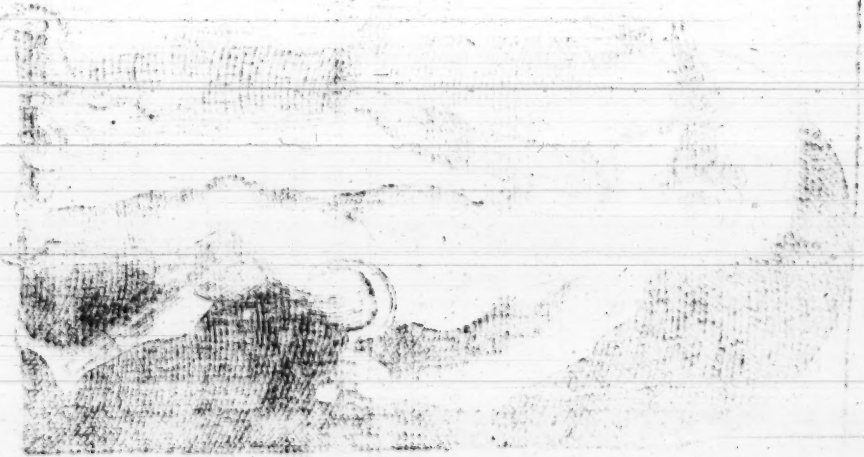
Ægeus and his States-Men both profeſt,
VVith much remorſe they granted his requeſt.
And caus'd his Ship in Sable Flags to Mourn,
To ſpeak their Sorrow till his ſafe Return.
VVhich *Theſeus* promis'd to ſupply with VVhite,
If Conqueſt Crown'd him i'th' unequal Fight.
But if with wind thoſe gloomy Sails were Fil'd,
In her return, they might conclude him Kil'd,
VVith this adiew, they cut the Liquid main,
And with ſucceſs the Iſle of *Crete* obtain;
At whoſe arrival, *Mino*'s ſeems o're joy'd,
The *Athenians* had ſo brave a tribute pay'd
Of Luſty Youths, whom he ſecured for
The dayly Viends of his *Monitor*;
VVhich monſtrous Creature *Mino*'s had beſtow'd,
(As the moſt inacceſſable aboad)
In fam'd *Dadalus* Laberinth; which did
VVith various windings all return forbid
To thoſe whom buſineſs or diverſion led,
Th' elaborate turnings of the Maze to tread.
But nature *Theſeus* ſuch attractments lent,
As he with eaſe, this danger did prevent:

By

By his good features he familiar grew
VVith *Ariadne* who retain'd the Clew,
VVhich to the hideous Monſter gave acceſs,
And free'd th' invader from the fatal Maze.
On promiſe *Theſeus* would this fair one VVed,
She kindly lent him the aſſiſting Thred;
By which conducted to the Monitor,
VVhom he attempted with ſuch art and pow'r,
That all the indulgence *Theſeus* could afford,
VVas, that he dy'd by ſo Renoun'd a Sword.
VVhen the brave Conqueſt *Theſeus* had obtain'd,
VVhich nobly drew him from his Native Land;
And no atchievment elſe was left, which cou'd,
By his attempting do his Country Good.
He fled with *Ariadne* to that Shore,
Where he had Landed not a week before;
And where his Fellows, with his Ship had lain
VVith much impatience, ſince expecting him,
VVho when they Loaded, ſaw with that fair prize
Unuſual Joy their drooping ſpirits ſeize,
They then no longer doubted his ſucceſs,
Conqueſt ſate ſmileing in his princely Face;

Beſides, his beautious Plunder lookt ſo fair,
They knew ſhe was the juſt reward of war;
Nothing but Valour could ſuch Riches buy,
Beauty's a prize for glorious Victory;
VVith joyful Tryumph, they their Sails diſplay,
And with ſtrong Oars aſſiſt the Leaſy Sea----
But diſmal grief ſhall o're their joy prevail;
Theſeus forgets to ſhift the Gloomy Sail,
VVhich as a ſign of Death *Egeus* View'd
From off the Shoar, and jumpt into the Flood.
So careful of his Fame the Monarch was,
He wou'd not live to hear his Sons diſgrace;
But left him on his error to reflect,
VVho loſt a Father by his groſs neglect.

The



CERES

The Poetical History of Ceres.

WHat ſtrange *Chimæra*'s in the time to come,
Does man conceit, to drag him to his doom.
VVho could he but his certain *Ills* diſcry,
VVould baulk his *Fate*, and bravely chooſe to dye.
In humane Life it is as *Seas* decreed,
The frequent Storms do much the Calmes exceed!
Our *Griefs*, continu'd as the Earth appear,
VVhilſt *Muſhroom joys* ſprout out but here and there.
And by their *Fetch-fire* Stay, ſo uſeleſs grow,
Like Ghoſts they leave us, and we know not how:
As well in his ſhort *Graſp* may mah ſurprize,
Thoſe flaſhes Thunder frightens from the Skyes.
Lay hold of Light'ning, and ſay here it is,
As, *here's an hour of undiſturbed Bliſs.*
And yet this ſilly, huffing, Creature *Man*,
VVho ſtartles the Creation with his Name,

whoſe

VVhoſe unjuſt force, ſpoyls Natures *Common-Wealth*,
Feeding on Creatures happier than himſelf,
VVho only wanting Reaſons, helps to guide
Their Nobler parts, lie ſubject to his Pride;
This ſilly thing, I ſay, who hectors here,
And will admit of no Competitor,
Nor holds with other Creatures kind commerce,
But Proudly *Lords* it o're the *Univerſe*.
How tame and baſely does he bear the weight
And groſs affronts of his Injurious Fate!
How like a ſordid *Aſs* he groaning Lies,
Under the Burthen of his Miſeries!
How unconcern'd the wonderous *Thing* appears,
Maugre the influence of his envious Stars!
Fate, like a Hectoring *Gamſter* gives the wrong,
And after Kicks him till he holds his tongue.
Silent as Night, the reaſoning *Bubble* ſtands,
And mildly takes the *Buffets* at her Hands:
VVhich *Sans* Reſiſtance he does ſtill ſuſtain,
Blinded by hope ſhee'l let him play again;
Then with a diſtant *Joy* ſhe charmes his Eies,
Which, like his Shadow, he perſuing flies,

As

As distant *Foggs* which 'fore us thick appear,
But vanish when we travel where they are.
Thus whilst in quest of *Bliss* he vainly stays,
She rudely cheats him of his Youth, and days.
And after all his Lifetime b'ing her slave,
Sends him a *Bankrupt* to his Dampish Grave.
Ah! who (that wares his Pastport by his side)
Would thus be subject to her boundless Pride;
That had but *Wit*, and *Soul*, enough to try,
To thwart her *Rage*, and bravely choose to Dye;
VVhat *Alps* of *Ills* she makes him melt his way
Through, to obtain but one poor glimps of joy;
And then what *Wells* of Grief he falls into,
Loosing the pleasure which he did persue.
Thus careful *Ceres*, her proposed bliss,
Plac't in her wilful Daughters happiness.
And *Proserpina*'s Beauty seem'd t'ingage
Her Mothers wishes when she came to Age.
Th' admiring Gods, with all their cunning, strove
VVho should be most officious in his Love:
VVhilst her perfections Guarded by her Pride,
First bid them sue, and then their suit deny'd.

Each

Each Heav'nly Lover by his gheſſes ſought,
VVho could anticipate her happy thought.
And put into accepted Act the ſame;
Before her words had given it any Name;
Nor common Gods alone, but mighty *Jove*
As well as they, adorn'd her with his Love;
And all the other *Deities* by him,
Takeing example, gave her great eſteem.
VVhereat contented *Ceres* ſimp'ring ſate,
Almoſt aſſured of her Daughters Fate;
That it muſt glorious be ſince a reſpect
So great as hers wou'd brook no ill effect;
But whoſe preſages can foretel the hit,
VVhich often happens 'twixt the *Cup* and *Lip*.
Or who ſo prudent is to truely Gheſs,
In threat'ning *Goods*, or *Ills*, their right ſucceſs.
In whoſe is it, but mighty *Joves* great power?
To tell the product of a ſhort liv'd Hour;
Or when big belly'd *Time* affords a Birth,
To one poor *Minute* what it ſhall bring forth?
Alaſs! our ſhort Inſpections are confin'd,
VVe judg the Apple by its glorious Rhind,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the outside, we no farther look,
We only read the Cover of the Book,
Which if but wrapt up in a gaudy skin,
We think it Good and mind not what's within.
Fate, like a Curious *Clock-work* we discern,
The motion we behold, but cannot learn
The manner how it makes its wound'rous flight,
The *Working-Springs* alass! are barr'd our sight,
By its past motion we suppose it will
Run on, and keep it self in Action still;
But then the wisest of us does not know
The pace it tends to, whither fast, or slow;
Our earnest wishes can't its stay perswade,
It may stand still for *Us*, or Retrograde.
As well the Weather, we may hope controul;
We must indure it whether Fair, or Foul ----
But when Injurious *Fate* designs to show
How great the Ills are which she can bestow;
When she grows wanton, and intends to be
Esteemed witty by her Cruelty.
Up to the highest Hill of Hope she heaves
The poor condemned wretch, who thence perceives,

Almost

Almoſt within his reach the wiſht for Joy,
VVhich as he goes to graſp---ſhe plucks away;
And from the ſummit of a hope ſo fair,
Tumbles him headlong into black diſpair.
Thus careful *Ceres* with glad Eies beheld,
The proſperous progreſs of her Beauteous Child:
From whoſe paſt Fortunes ſhe did more than Gheſs
At her dear Daughters future happineſs.
She now ſhakes hands with all her pains and Care,
And lets brisk *Joy* ſupply the place of fear.
But am'rous *Pluto* ſoon this Calm diſtroys,
He raviſht both her *Daughter*, and her *Joys*;
Teaching us all (at her exceſſive Coſt)
To make no Reconings there where *Fate's* the *Hoſt*.

SALACIA

The Poetical History of Salacia.

TO what wild Actions do our phancies Move,
VVhen toſt and hurry'd by a ſtorm of Love!
Hudwinckt by it, we take our full Carreer,
Leap at adventure, though we know not where;
Like Fear, it makes us Jump in ſo much haſt,
We mind no danger till 'tis fully paſt;
But in our calm return do wond'ring find,
Thoſe mighty Ditches which we left behind:
VVe then amazed ſtand to ſee Loves Pow'r,
And ſtart at what we undertook before.
When Love like ſome great *Monarch*, is inclin'd
To ſit at *Helm* and ſteer the Lab'ring Mind;
VVhether he guides the Veſſel right, or wrong,
The other paſſions almoſt hold their Tongue.
Like common *Sea-men* they muſt all ſtand ſtill,
To be conducted by his potent will.

Though

Though Heav'n does know how oft on Rocks we ſplit,
VVhen Love's the *Pilot* of our Creaſie Ship,
Sometimes to Northern Coaſts he makes his way,
And Freezes Lovers in an *Icy* Sea
Of deep diſpair, where they complaining lye,
Till Death Redeems them from the ſlavery.
Sometimes on *Calmy Seas* he ſeems to float,
And Ruins Lovers in the midſt of Hope.
Sometimes t'ward *Home* he kindly does reſort,
And gives 'um Shipwrack in their wiſht for Port;
Such various Ruins hapleſs Lovers weight,
'Twould reel an *Atlaſs* to ſuſtain their Fate,
And make him think (could he their ſorrows view)
The *World* the lighter burden of the two,
Miſterious *Love* his ſubjects do's ingage
To run to miſeries themſelves preſage,
Their Minds like his, with frantick valor fill'd,
VVho ſtabs himſelf for fear of being kill'd.
Thus fair *Salacia* having ſeen what grace
And God like luſter ſhown in *Neptunes* face,
By *Reaſons* help endeavour'd to refrain
From that fierce Love which ſhe oppos'd in Vain;

But

But blinking *Cupid* ſtruck the fiery Dart
With ſo much force in her unguarded Heart,
That ſtartled Reaſon, her Old ſtage forſook,
Fearing to bear the burden ---- of the ſhock.
And in her abſence mighty *Love* poſſeſt,
The happy *Manſion* of *Salacia's* Breſt.
Ah *Love*! how many ſleep-obſtructing *Cares*!
How many *Tortures*, bloody *Maſſacres*!
How many dauncing Tides, of *Hope* and *Fear*!
How many *Groans*! what Gulphs of deep diſpair!
May that unhappy wretch expect to bear,
In whoſe warm breaſt thou ſit'ſt as Emperior.
Salacia's diſmal ſtory will diſcry
In part the Rigor of thy *Tyranny*.
The beautious Maid unable to ſuſtain
The frequent preſſures of her growing flame,
Repair'd with ſpeed to thoſe Cool ſhady bowers,
Where *Neptune* ſpent his Melancholly hours.
When freindly Calms had kindly ſet him free,
From the tuition of the Rageing *Sea*,
Cover'd with bluſhes, there *Salatia* ſpoke
To ſurly *Neptune*, whom ſhe did invoke

(By all thoſe deareſt things poor Lovers name)
To mind and pitty her increaſing flame.
She told him how at firſt the pleaſing ſight
Of his perfection gave her great delight,
That ſhe had often ſtole to that bleſt place,
And worn out evenings, Gazing at his face:
From whence ſhe did behold ſuch glories come,
As do's through Boughs, invaded by the Sun.
When ſhivering Leaves the warm aſſaults abide,
And make a *Chequer* on the other ſide.
She told him that from looking, her ſtrange thought
To *liking* firſt, and thence to *Love* was brought:
That *Love* did all her former quiet ſeize,
Before ſhe could immagine what he was.
He robb'd her days of buſineſs, and Delights,
Of ſleep, ſhe ſaid, he rudely robb'd her Nights:
And now of late ſo inſolent was grown,
He often ſpoyl'd her high *Devotion*.
She told him farther that ſhe once deſign'd
To blow the Embers of her reſtleſs mind,
To ſuch a ſcorching blaze as might conſume,
The Oyl of life, and ſo prevent her doom.

Before

Before the ſtory of her love ſhould fly
About the World, to Preach her infamy.
Laſtly ſhe told him (and a Pearly Due
Of trickling Tears affirm'd it to be true)
That that ſame inſtant he contemn'd her Love,
She wou'd to ſome unheard of Deſart rove,
There to remain, till ſtrong Corroding greif
Should put a period to her wretched life.
Th' imperious *God*, ſwel'd with that vaſt renown,
VVhich he derived from his watry Throne,
VVith thoughts of *Glory* ſo his mind imploy'd,
That there was room for nothing elſe beſide.
The pitteous ſtory from the *Nymph* he heard,
With ſome ſmall ſilence, but much leſs reguard.
And then as unconcern'd made haſty way
To his old home, and Jumpt into the Sea.
Ah *Love* ! what wond'rous dangers doſt thou make,
Thy poor neglected *Captives* undertake !
Diſdainful *Neptune*, could not make ſuch haſt
But greiv'd *Salatia* could perſue as faſt.
And from the very banck where on he ſtood
When he jumpt off, ſhe leapt into the flood,

Where, from her beauties, such bright beams did scatter,
As do from Glittering torches under water.
The joyful fish about the solstice play,
Thinking the Sun is dropt into the Sea.
At length a freindly *Dolphin*, who with greif,
Had seen what pains *Salacia* took for life;
Presents his scaly Back, whereon the Maid,
By his assistance, and her own convey'd;
Is born to *Neptunes* Court: the wond'ring King,
Amaz'd and troubled at her suffering,
Admits a noble Gratitude, to find
A fair reception in his Princely Mind.
VVhich made him all his former pride disown,
And Crown her *Empress* of his watry *Throne*.

VULCAN

VULCAN

The Poetical History of Vulcan.

TO *Form* and *Beauty*, what rash Pen dare strive
To attribute their just prerogative.
In things *inanimate* they charm as well,
As in Those *Rational*, or *sensible*.
Beauty still pleases, and retains its force,
Though Lavish nature wasts it on a *Horse*.
VVhich oft she does, on every Limb throughout,
Whilst *Hump-Back* Mortals murmuring, go without.
But it's *Antipodes Monstrosity*,
Contracts a hateful Glance from ev'ry Eye.
VVe see it often such an *Odium* draws,
As interrupts the Course of Natures Laws.
Makes startled *Fathers* from their Children run,
The trembling *Mother* curse her teeming VVomb.
Makes blushing *Gods* from their dear Issue fly,
And *Goddesses* disown their Progeny.

It made great *Jupiter* from his high Thrown,
To Earths Low seat, cast homely *Vulcan* down.
Nature with all her wheedlings could not make,
A full attonement for his ugly shape.
Though with her usual pressures she could plead,
He was the off-spring of his Marriage Bed.
And helpless Infancy one would have thought,
Might in a Father much Compassion wrought.
Yet these were arguments too weak t'engage
The angry Father, to suspend his Rage;
VVho by a fall so great as from his Thrown,
Thought to have ended his detasted Son.
But *Juno* to God *Æolus* did call
To raise such winds, as might abate his fall:
VVhich interposing 'twixt the Earth and him,
Hinder'd his Father of his harsh design.
Born on the downy back of some soft Gale,
Secur'd of Life, the tumbling Infant fell
VVith one Leg under him, which being two small
To bear his weight, was broken in the fall;
Of which he after Limpt, But by the fame
VVhich by his parts th'abused Child did gain;

VVhen

VVhen Manly years, like the approaching day,
Had Chac'd his *Night* of Infancy away:
I'de have the Reader and my ſelf beware
Of ſlighting Noble parts, where e're they are.
VVhat if unburniſht walls thy Soul imbrace,
Thy Glittering mind will lighten all the Caſe.
VVhat though thy Body's in a Suit that's torn,
Thy ſelf neglected, and thy ſtate forlorn;
VVhat if misfortunes hurry thee to dwell
In ſome low Cottage, or ſome mouldy Cell;
VVit like the pureſt mettels which are found,
VVill ſtill keep precious, though 't be under ground.
And time may come, when they thy parts may crave,
VVho now deride thee whilſt thou'rt Fortunes ſlave.
VVhat though the killing thunder, from a brow
Of ſome Great *Monarch*, ſtoop to cut thee low,
Thou mayſt with ſaftey (if thou'rt truly wiſe,)
Th' obſtreperous buſsle of the ſtorm diſpiſe.
Stay till its o're ---; and thou ſhalt ſurely find,
VVhen threatning dangers do infeſt his mind.
He will revoke his rage, and Court thee more
Than he diſdain'd, or envy'd the before.

Thus *Jove*, whilst Rowling in a peace ſecure,
Could not the preſence of his Son indure.
But cauſe he homly ſeem'd, muſt him abhor:
(A fault the child might thank his Parents for.)
VVhen proſperous Greatneſs ſwells the faded mind,
In things moſt perfect, men will errors find.
But when misfortune makes her Rude aſſaults,
They choſe the good, and over look the faults.
VVhen *Tytans* Injur'd ſeed did take up Arms,
And frighted *Heaven* with their loud Allarms.
Threw Hills, on Hills, till Mountains grew ſo high,
That thence they reacht the *Rampiers* of the Sky.
And urg'd by *wrongs*, ſo inſolent were grown,
To threaten *Jove*, to pull him from his Thrown.
The Heav'nly *Emperor* his rage to ſhow,
At firſt Salutes them with a frowning brow,
But that Alas! was in ſignif'cant now.
Then haſtily he calls the other *Gods*,
But they were frighted to their dark abodes,
And from their *Monarch* in his danger run,
Then he bethinks him of his injur'd Son:

VVho

VVho readily to his assistance flyes;
And drives the threatning *Gyants* from the skyes.
Rallies the Timerous Gods, and chides them so,
He made 'em Valiant if they wou'd or no.
Thus from a private sword a *Prince* may gain
The help he hopes from's *General* in vain.
A poor *D'Amboys* with a noble Soul,
Could all the factious men in *France* Controul.
And from her threatn'd *Crown*, those dangers Chace,
VVhich boldly star'd whole *Armies* in the face.
This brave assault neglected *Vulcan* gave
The Dairing *Gyants*, made the *Gods* perceive
Through the Dark Lanthorne of his gloomy skin,
A brave *Heroick* spirit lodg'd within.
Such as not only VVarlike actions Grace,
But might be useful in the time of Peace.
To dangerous *Valour* needful *Art* conjoyn'd,
To the compleating of his noble mind;
VVhich made great *Jove* (when bold *Prometheus* stole
From Heav'ns warm Alter; the immortal Coal;
To move his *forms*, which wanted but a Soul.

Great

Great *Vulcan* in the punishment imploy,
VVho by his *Black-Smiths* art found out away
On top of *Mount Caucasus* bleakish Rift,
To bind him fast, for his ambitious Theft.
The *Gods* to *Vulcan* now gave great regard,
In whose hot forge their Armour was prepar'd:
But that which gave Heav'ns *Black-smith* most renown,
He forg'd the Glittering Charriot of the Sun:
VVith his own hands he wrought that wondrous steel,
VVhich shut out Death from all parts but the heel.
Temper'd by him with so much care and Art,
It scorn'd the fury of Strong *Hectors* Dart.
And made the wond'ring *Trojans* Stare to see,
A *Grecian* clad in *Immortality*.

The

[illegible]

VESTA

The Poetical History of Vesta.

AS tis with *Salvage* Nations, who descent
Amongst themselves, for want of Government:
Some Learned *Heathen* wiser then the rest,
Greiving to see his native Land oppreſt,
Urg'd by a gen'rous inclination, tryes
To heal the *Breach*, by firm lay'd Policies.
Which to effect, he from the Crowd withdraws,
And there Invents such sound and wholsome Laws,
As by obſervance, probably might be,
The certain means to their prosperity.
VVhich when h' has done, he tells them that he finds
Monarchick Government best suits their minds.
VVhich in ambitions Road too high do soar,
T' admit of more than one Superior.
The Gaping crow'd with patience thus far hear;
But when he comes to a particular,

And

And ask them who of all the Land they 'ſteem
Worthy'ſt to wear the Royal *Diadem*.
A thouſand different votes invade the air,
Some for reſpect do chooſe, and ſome for fear.
Some Glittering *Intereſt* makes to vote a lowd,
And others only bawl amongſt the Crowd.
Till by a Differing ſtrange Confuſed cry,
They quite confound their dull layd *Monarchy*.
So he who Backward caſts his careful eye,
And traces Atheiſm to its infancy:
Who by the ſtrength of boundleſs phancy, can
Conceipt he ſees the world as it began.
I mean thoſe parts of it, which yet had layn
Barren for want of great *Jehovahs* Name)
May well immagine e're their firſt advance
From Atheiſm, and bruitiſh Ignorance,
How ſordidly, and like the common Herd,
Thoſe wretches liv'd, without the leaſt regard
To different good, or evil, which did lie
Obſcure from them, as thoughts of *Deity*;
Till ſome brave *Heathen*, who with care had hurld,
His watchful eyes about this wondrous world;

Veiw'd

Veiw'd this well order'd Mass of earth, and the
Restrained Limits of the threatning *Sea*.
The swift pac'd *year*, and the alternate course
Of Radient *Day*, and sable *Night*, by force
Of some EXISTANCE, which refus'd t' appear;
But was indeed Dame *Natures* Taskmaster.
Which he concluded must immortal Be,
Omnicient too, and so a Deity.
Which verdict after him the Brethren pass,
Though none knew what, or who, or where he was;
So that for want of *Scriptures* faithful *Clue*,
So they ador'd, they car'd not what, nor who.
Some as the only God, great *Saturn* follow,
Some worship *Mars*, and some Divine *Apollo*;
Some *Jupiter*, some *Venus* most Esteem,
And some the Horned *Black-Smith* took for him;
Nay some in fragrant Feilds, and Gardens seek,
In hopes to find them in their *Rue*, or *Leek*.
Whilst others more remote, ador'd by fame,
And nicknam'd one God with anothers name.
Thus that high thought which first did nobly soar,
In eager quest of the *Æternal pow'r*,

Was

Was clipt or Pinnion'd by the grovling crow'd?
Who nothing of its Vallew underſtood:
But ranckt in *Sects*, to ſuch confuſion fled,
As quite deſtroy'd their Deities indeed.
Leaving it difficult for us to give,
Each *God* or Goddeſs, juſt Derivetive.
Thus from great *Saturn*, and fair *Rhea's* womb,
The Goddeſs *Veſta* is deduc'd by ſome.
Whilſt others ſearching out her doubtful birth,
Mother to *Saturn* call'd her, and the Earth.
How e're the fame of her chaſt life was hurld
In that rude age, about the liſtening world.
And noble *Romans* (who with watchful Eyes,
Did mind young *Virtue* in her ſpring or riſe.
In Infant *Veſta* ſaw ſo larg a ſtore,
As made them fall from loving, to adore
Her peerleſs Chaſtitie, which did incline
Them to believe its owner was Divine.
Then in reſpect of beauty, wit, and birth,
They Goddeſs term'd her, both of fire and Earth.
And rais'd her ſuch a Temple, as did prove
The Romiſh Piety as well as Love;

The glorious out-side of it did appear
August to sight, in shape Orbicular.
The carved in-side Gorgious to behold;
The Pavement, marble Pillers, cloath'd in gold.
Whilst glittering Flames her sacred Alters Crown,
(Fir'd with no other Taper but the Sun.)
A thousand untouch'd Virgins round her stand,
To hear the dictates of her chast command.
Which by a secret instinct they imbrace,
And by their best endeavours bring to pass.
" Such charms are Coucht in real virtue, that
" It can at worst command a happy fate.
" Men in the hot meridian of their Time,
" Bubbel'd by Hell, uncleannels may design.
" And urg'd by blood, and youth, together may,
" To their dear cost that trivial bliss enjoy.
" But when tyrannick age shall rudely throw
" Her hands abroad, and dredg their heads with snow;
" VVhen to their greif their streaked Locks they see,
" (The startling *TOKENS* of mortality.)
" A Strange remorse shall strike through all their Limbs
" Their quivering knees shall sink beneath their sins.

" And

" And they when 'tis too late be forc't to own,
" No lifes so happy as the Pious one.

FINIS.